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MAY 27, 1983

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. asks:
Did you hear Dodd?
—See page 644

V. 35 #10

NATIONAL REVIEW

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C. H. Simonds on D. Keith Mano

Also in this issue: Charles Burton Marshall on Jimmy Carter's Memoirs • Russell Kirk on the Rediscovery of Creation

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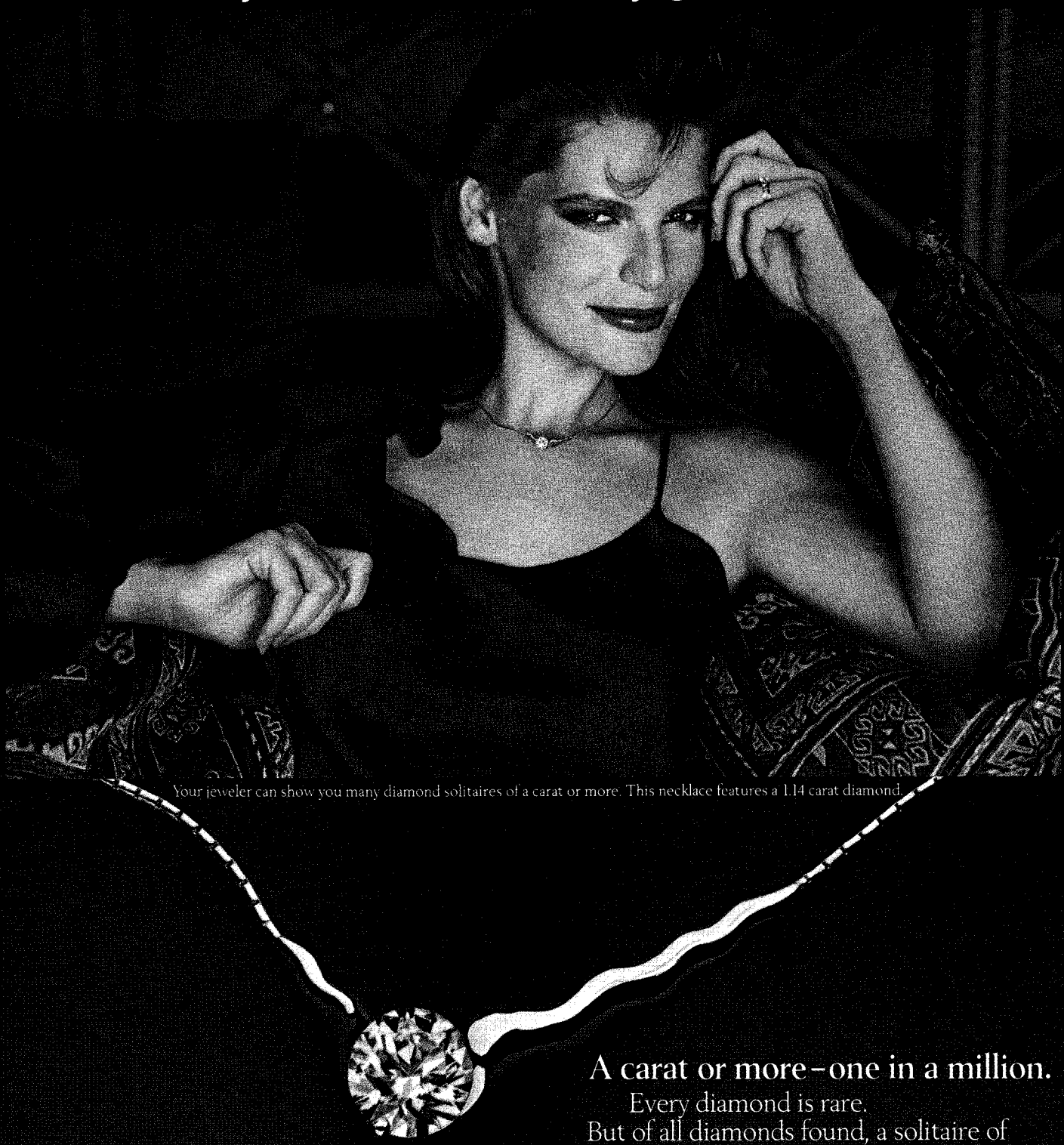

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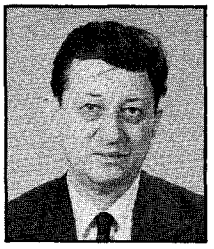

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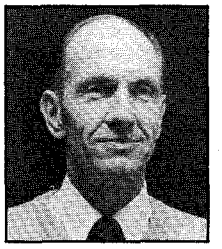

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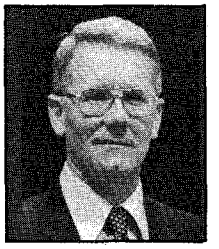

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The Price of 'Peace'

613 The New Pacifism and World Government

The old pacifists of the early postwar era—the Bertrand Russell generation—favored world government, but took for granted the model of liberal democracy. Today's pacifists, exemplified by Jonathan Schell, contend for what must necessarily be global totalitarianism. It talks like Gandhi, but its logic is pure Hobbes: *Let* life be nasty and brutish, provided it's long. *Walter Berns*

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621 A Papal Audience

"Listen, my son," the dying archbishop said, "you *will* survive this prison. Not only will you survive, but you will succeed in leaving the country. You will go to America. But before you go to America, you must go to Italy and talk to the Pope." *Cornel H. Petrassevich*

623 Farewell to Kreisky

Although Bruno Kreisky called the recent election a defeat, his Socialist Party still predominates, feeding—and feeding on—false hopes and envy. *Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn*

624 Author on High Simmer

Meet D. Keith Mano, who fuses ribaldry and Russian Orthodoxy. Not to mention X-Pando. (The fourth in a series of portraits of *NR* editors and columnists.) *C. H. Simonds*

626 The Rediscovery of Creation

John Adams foresaw "the most disconsolate of all creeds, that men are but fireflies." But this creed is now under assault, at the hands of a remarkable philosopher of science. *Russell Kirk*

627 Options in a Nuclear World

There is one strategy of deterrence nobody seems to have thought of. Let's start thinking about it. *J. Bart Czirr and E. Paul Palmer*

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629 In his memoirs, Jimmy Carter tells all. **Charles Burton Marshall** concludes that he learned nothing. Unless you count insights like this: "Ultimately, something will have to be done to control the influence of special interests." . . . Russell Kirk recalls conservatives from their "continuing obsession" with economics in *Reclaiming a Patrimony*. **Alan L. Miller** applauds his rich sensitivity to our past. . . . **Jeffrey Hart** welcomes a new biography of James Gould Cozzens, "peer of Hemingway, Faulkner, and Fitzgerald." . . . Eugene O'Neill's letters to a friend give an excellent self-portrait, says **David Evanier**. . . . Vladimir Horowitz "has canceled more recitals than most pianists have given," but he deserves a better biographer than Glenn Plaskin, says **J. O. Tate**. . . . **Joseph Sobran** juxtaposes the Great Bookie and Moral Majority. . . . Why guzzle old French stuff with all these bright young Californians around? **Nika Hazelton** weighs the options. . . . **D. Keith Mano** slums with a Soviet ambassador and his American chums.

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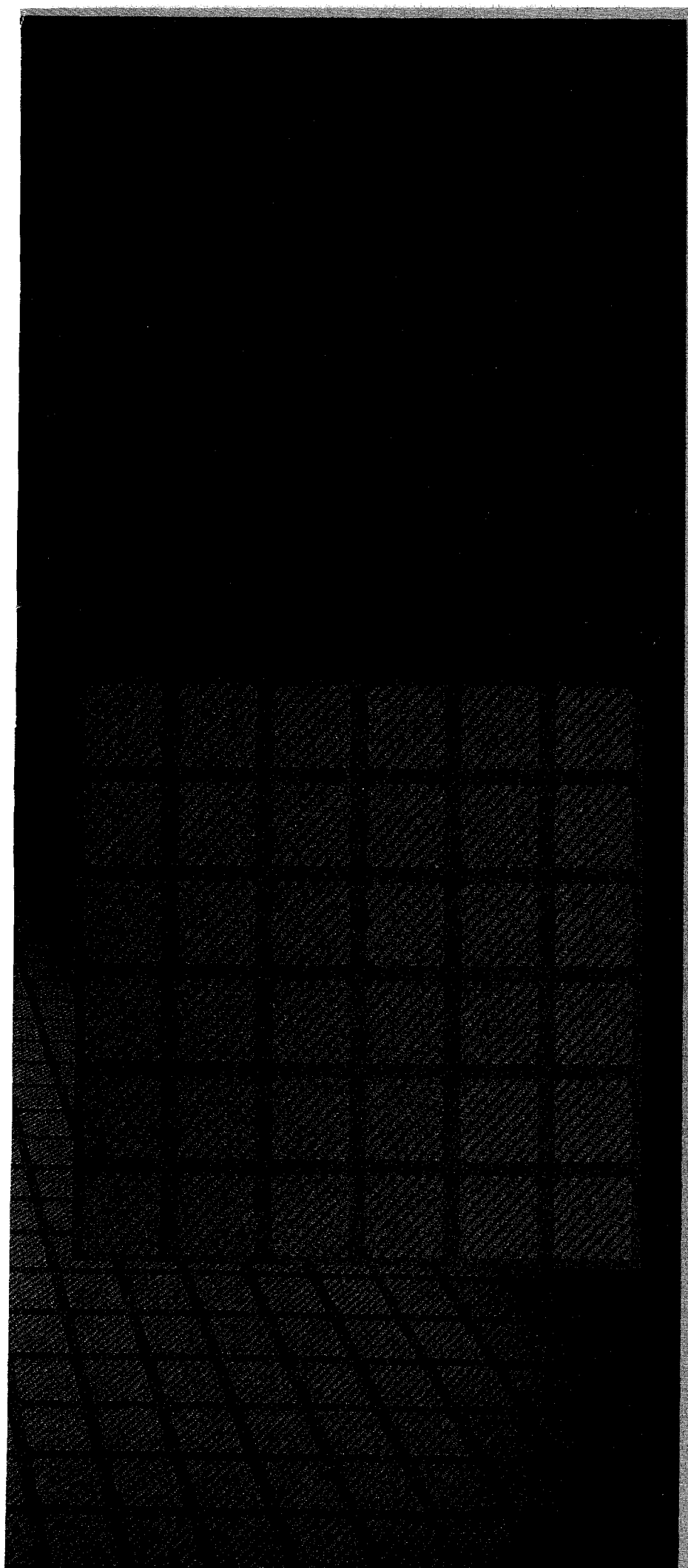

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Letters

Full Steam

Although Walter McDougall, in "How Not to Think about Space Lasers" [May 13], searches out and destroys the arguments against the development of laser technology, I still do not understand why the media object. The possibility of destroying bombs rather than people in a military exchange should make peaceniks frantic with excitement. The fact that Andropov denounced Reagan's plan so vehemently should indicate that we are on the right track. Nowadays if the liberal media, peaceniks, and Soviets shout STOP! the rest of us can only rush ahead.

William E. Smith
Dayton, Ohio

Qualifier

While I fully agree with William Rusher's views on traveling to Russia and China ["Thanks, but No Thanks," April 29], I do wish to point out that his adamance was not always so unqualified. In the early Sixties, Mr. Rusher admitted he would in fact be willing to visit Moscow, if he could do so riding in a Sherman tank as part of an army of occupation.

Since he didn't mention his earlier position in his article, I hope he hasn't forgotten about it; or perhaps his omission was a token concession to detente.

Reginald Pallavicino
Chatham, N.J.

Mr. Rusher has neither forgotten nor conceded; we had to cut that qualifier because of space constraints. —LB

Normal Debate

NR is to be applauded for dealing with the continuing marijuana controversy in an even-handed manner ["Pot-Talk: Is Decriminalization Advisable?" April 29] when much of the liberal media seems to reflect only the assumptions of the narcotics bureaucracy. Let me take issue with a few points addressed by Mr. Vigilante:

First of all, Vigilante's many references to marijuana users' drifting away into a "dream world" show an exaggerated view of the drug's intoxicating effects. He states correctly that "the first professionals to challenge the consensus that marijuana was harmless were clinical psychiatrists, usually associated with school or college health programs." What Mr. Vigilante does not perceive is that the marijuana users who seek out clinical psychiatrists or drug-abuse counselors will be those who have serious social or psychological problems. Most of the mental-health professionals who make ominous statements about marijuana have been exposed to its use only through a self-selected group of pathological individuals. Such professionals can say in all honesty that they have never encountered a non-neurotic or non-dependent marijuana user.

Mr. Vigilante details at length the possible physical and mental decay of the compulsive pot smoker; he then concedes that such "pot-heads" are "not typical of pot smokers generally." True enough: this is what individuals like Richard Cowan and groups like NORML [National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws] have been saying for a decade. But if Vigilante concedes that most smokers do not smoke to the point of disability, why does he condemn marijuana use in general as a sign of "stupid, superficial, mind-blanking hedonism"? He displays no such indignation about alcohol use.

Like most who write in opposition to marijuana, Mr. Vigilante chooses to discuss it mainly in the context of its use by juveniles. Legitimate concern over juvenile smoking has obscured the fact that most smokers are not the impressionable children about whom both Cowan and Vigilante are concerned. According to NIDA's [the National Institute on Drug Abuse] National Household Drug Use Survey, released in February of this year, 87 per cent of regular marijuana users are adults. The survey also tells us that daily marijuana smoking by high-school seniors has decreased for the fourth consecutive year, to a figure of 6 per cent, a decline of almost 50 per cent since 1978. Pot opponents like to concentrate on juvenile use because it makes their arguments more persuasive. But media figures who accede to this are interfering with a needed debate on the marijuana issue by presenting that issue in a distorted context.

Oliver Moses
Houston Area Coordinator
Texas NORML
Webster, Tex.

Marijuana's active ingredient, THC, concentrates and accumulates in *every* user's fatty tissues, including those of user-mother and unborn child. It builds up like—horror of horrors!—pesticides and toxins. Longitudinal studies bear out Mr. Vigilante's point even more strongly than he made it: you cannot get rid of THC when you want to, even once you stop. Cumulative poisoning plus "tolerance" is not a happy combination with zinc, lead, mercury, or any other toxin I know, especially if the "psychologically addicted"

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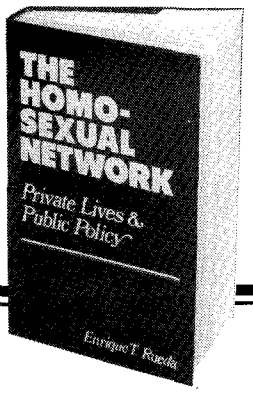

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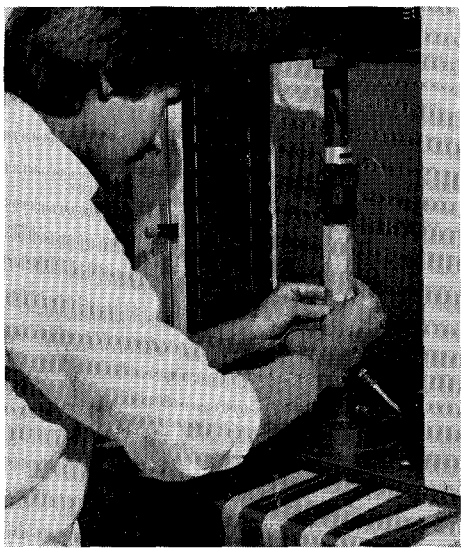

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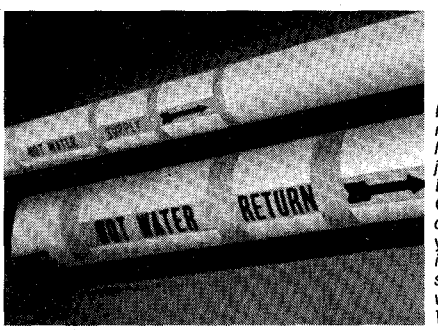

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or "habit-formed" user insists on adding more to his cells for the pleasant effects.

Mr. Cowan, I believe, misreads America also in one important way: "Some . . . marijuana prohibition[ists] argue that . . . legalization . . . or . . . even decriminalization . . . will convey . . . , especially to children, that marijuana is 'harmless.' These people, carried away by their own polemics, have thus attributed a meaning to changing the marijuana laws that in the contemporary American context is unique, with legality implying both safety and sanctity, not only for adults but also *especially for children*." Italics his, and quite rightly. To get back to that unborn child, its safety and sanctity were destroyed, solely by changing the abortion laws. The equation, legal = moral, is ubiquitous in America.

Robert Brophy
Syracuse, N.Y.

On the Right Foot

It is with some surprise that I note in your editorial "Watt's Shots Rock Rock" [April 29] that drug use and animalistic conduct continue to be the order of the day at these affairs. In this regard Cincinnati seems to be well ahead of the nation's capital.

Following the stampede at the Cincinnati Coliseum a couple of years ago that cost a number of lives, a few simple but logical and effective measures were adopted by our mayor, Kenneth Blackwell. The fact that I had previously outlined these procedures in a letter to the local newspaper (the *Enquirer*) was a source of considerable satisfaction.

The measures are as follows: 1) Make known at the event by word and early action that the law is going to be enforced. The presumption on the part of rock-concert patrons is that the law is suspended for such events. 2) Let the police, whose duty it is to see that the law is enforced, decide how many uniformed and plain-clothes personnel will be required to maintain law and order for the particular event. 3) Put the financial burden of the law enforcement where it belongs—on the promoters of the event—by building this cost into the permit fee.

The result has been a marvelous improvement in the conduct at local concerts. There have been fewer rock concerts as profitability has decreased in proportion to the increase in responsibility, but sanity and order have been restored.

Thomas A. Moser
Cincinnati, Ohio

Have a Heart

In "The Week" [April 15] the commentary about Y. Andropov was in extremely bad taste. It ridiculed the gallant efforts of Barney Clark to stay alive and cast doubt upon the feasibility of "man-made" medical equipment working properly.

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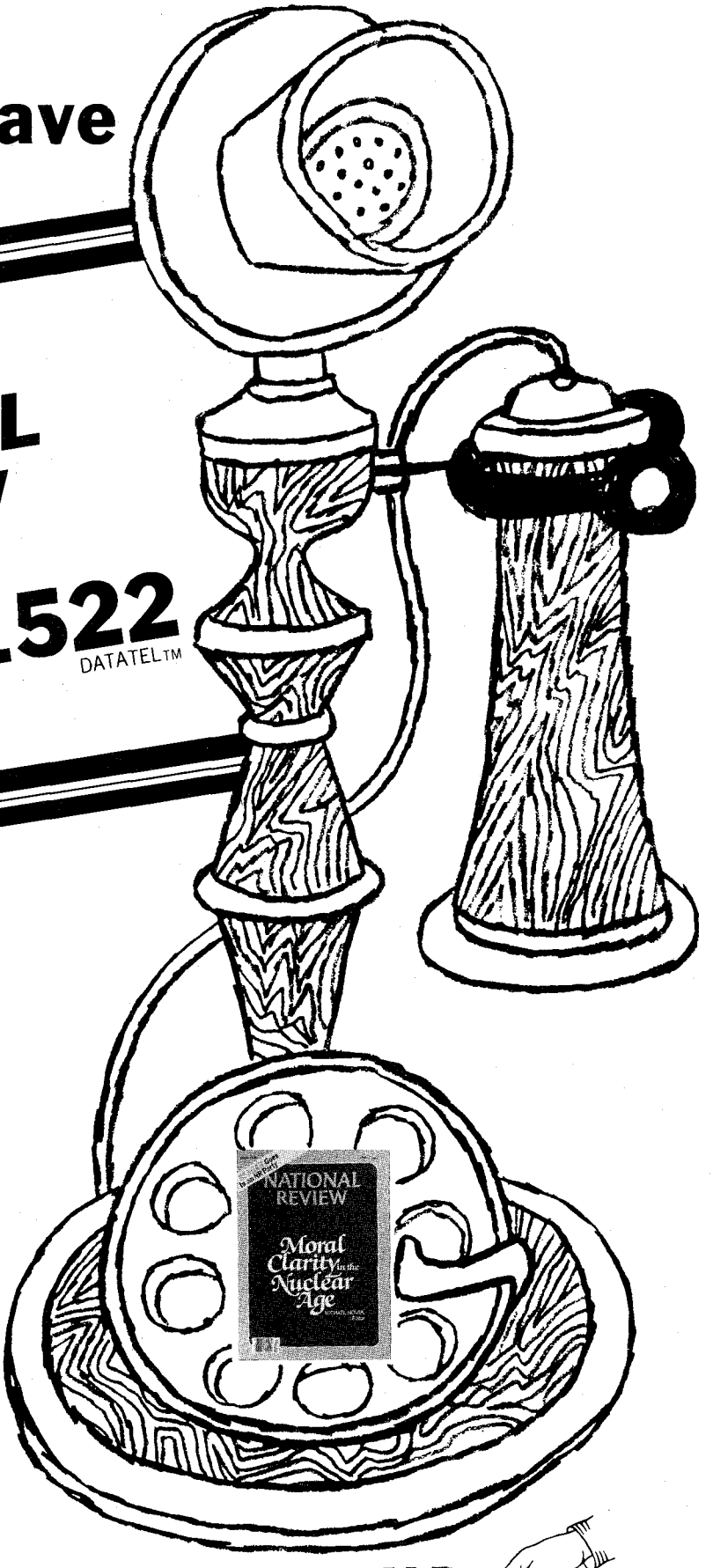

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Although the end result, the death of Yuri Andropov, would be desirable, the satirical context was out of place.

D. B. Beeler
Peru, Iowa

Exclusionary Rule

In a letter to *NR* [April 29], Mr. George S. Swan takes issue with the assertion in my article "Restraining the Courts" [Feb. 4] that the exclusionary rule, by which in the United States evidence of guilt is excluded in a criminal trial if the law officer has seized the evidence illegally, "does not exist in any other country in the world." His disagreement is based upon the provision in the 1982 Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms that evidence be excluded "if it is established that, having regard to all the circumstances, the admission of it in the proceedings would bring the administration of justice into disrepute."

The rules governing the legality of the seizure of evidence in this country are extremely technical, so much so that even appellate judges are repeatedly in disagreement among themselves as to the legality of the seizure. Convictions are constantly being reversed when the trial judge has admitted evidence under circumstances that would by no means "bring the administration of justice into disrepute." I could give countless illustrations, but shall refrain, as obviously *NR* does not have the space for such a list. It is impossible to say that the United States' exclusionary rule also applies in Canada.

In any event, as noted in the article, a substantial relaxation of the exclusionary rule is now under consideration by the Supreme Court, a relaxation that would bring the rule into similarity to the Canadian rule. The case is *Illinois* v. *Gates*. It was argued February 28, 1983, so presumably we shall soon have enlightenment on this subject.

C. Dickerman Williams
New York, N.Y.

A Texan Protests

As a native Texan and student of the Lyndon Johnson era, I read both Robert A. Caro's *The Path to Power* and Francis Russell's review of it ["Johnson Is as Johnson Does," April 15] with much interest and not a little anger.

Although we in the outback have long endured the Eastern press's Pavlovian responses to the name of Lyndon Johnson, it is particularly disappointing to find NATIONAL REVIEW salivating like some well-trained collie over the subject. Yes, Duval County's boxes were certified before Pappy O'Daniel's East Texas boxes were, and Lyndon Johnson lost an election in the process. But if the "lesson" learned there revealed itself in the buying of the election for Kennedy-Johnson in 1960, it is an anecdote previously unknown to me. Your associating it with the well-researched work of Caro lends credence where none is due, especially in view of the fact that, as the review correctly points out, "*The Path to Power* ends with Roosevelt's death."

Willard I. Boss Jr.
Houston, Tex.

Fullest Capacity

Mr. Perzanowski's article, "Russia's Radio Putsch" [April 15], should be made required reading in Washington, D.C. The broad diversity of views credited in the article to RFE/RL is, unfortunately, not broad enough. As far back as 1956 determined anti-Communism was not tolerated, and even Marxism as such was not to be criticized. I personally experienced all this in 1956 as a member of the editorial staff of the Czechoslovak section of RFE in New York. Today this leftist trend still prevails. Strange political winds also blow in VOA, so strongly that VOA did not broadcast President Reagan's speech on the eve of his visit to Latin America last year. But not long before this, VOA did find time to broadcast a speech of none other than Fidel Castro, in full and with warm and understanding comment.

Because of man's natural longing for freedom and the cruelty of the Communist system, RFE/RL might have won the minds of millions of listeners. Instead, it has helped to frustrate and disillusion those, who, like Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, do not believe in the socialist paradise of the future and keep wondering about strange messages from the land of the free. For reasons unknown to these captives, the freest country in the world keeps producing and supplying bulldozers to bury victims of Gulag. In 1956 I was a stateless person and could not do anything to fight against this shameful trend. Today, as an American, I can at least say: Gentlemen, please, not with my tax money.

I congratulate Mr. Perzanowski on his article and fully agree with its conclusion: ". . . why not do it right? We have a vital and highly effective strategic instrument in place. Let's use it to capacity."

Zdenek Vaclavik
Broadview, Ill.

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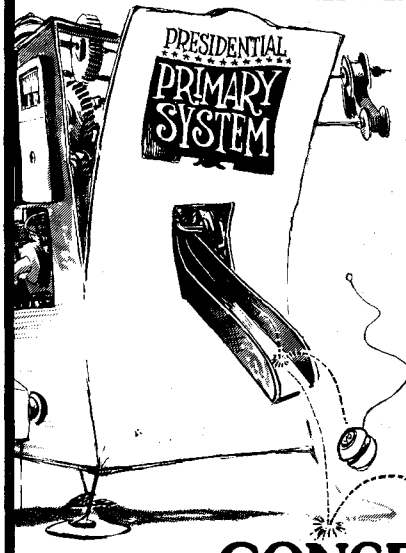

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America's Tradition of Economic Freedom is Gradually Ending

But who is to blame? And what can be done?

Every time a legislature meets ...

and almost everytime a bureaucrat sits down at a desk, new laws are passed and new regulations issued that hamper and distort the economy, interfere with consumer demand, and severely restrict the freedom of business owners and executives. This *politicization* of the economy seems to continue regardless of the politicians or party in power.

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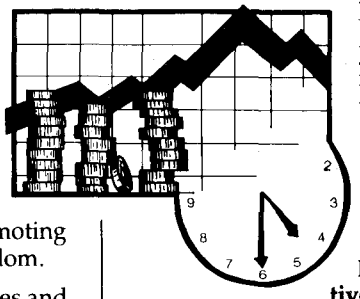

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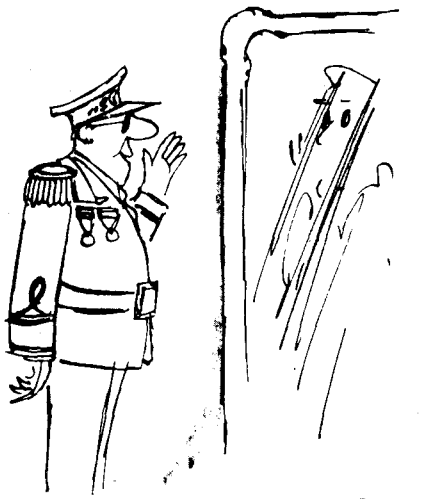
FOR THE RECORD

■ It's backlash time. **Christopher Dodd**'s blast at the President after his El Salvador speech, says Democratic Majority Leader **Jim Wright** (Tex.), was "hyperbolic," "florid rhetoric," and dangerous. "It is a dangerous exercise for people to club the President in a delicate matter of foreign policy." . . . Democratic analyst **Ben Wattenberg** agrees. The Democrats might lose the 1984 election if they make it possible for **Ronald Reagan** to "charge all across the nation denouncing them as spineless." . . . **Kevin Phillips** found Reagan's April 27 speech a winner because the Democrats "seem likely to box themselves in on this one." Phillips, incidentally, finds that Reagan has now reinforced his El Salvador position "with an increasing effort in the global peacekeeping/arms control dimension." . . . *Newsweek* poll finds the President's approval rating went up 11 points (from 33 to 44) on El Salvador after the talk; and ABC-TV, which requested listener response, got over a quarter of a million calls approving Reagan stand, and only 78,000 against.

■ Right now **Alan Cranston** is looking good among Democratic contenders. *Los Angeles Times*, which to be sure operates in his own backyard, finds him number two to **Walter Mondale**, and *Boston Globe* believes Cranston may do better than **Gary Hart** in New Hampshire, where Cranston's "organization is widely considered better across the state." . . . Guess who's also been testing the waters in New Hampshire: **Jesse Jackson**. Jackson, who kicked off a campaign to register an additional two million blacks in the South between now and Nov. 1984, was heartened by **Garth/Penn-Schoen** survey showing he would get 9 per cent of the vote if he runs for President. . . . The most titillating item of the week, presidentabilewise, is rumor floated in *New York*



Martin, *Punch* Rothco

"Good morning, Mr. Benevolent Strongman."

Daily News that big-money liberals may be looking at New York Gov. **Mario Cuomo** as possible less-lackluster candidate. What makes the item so fascinating is that the *News* says **Richard Nixon** thinks Cuomo would be the hardest man for Reagan to face. . . . **George Will** gave it to Mondale but good in recent column in which he cites 19 anti-defense-spending votes by Mondale since 1971 (all of which Mondale lost) and comments: "If there is a President Mondale responsible for U.S. security in the 1980s, he will be glad Senator Mondale failed so frequently in the 1970s."

■ Bad guys, good guys: **John Dean** reportedly is helping **Seymour Hersh** prepare what he describes as an explosive piece ("heads will roll") on **Jerry Ford**'s pardon of Richard Nixon, due out this summer. . . . Escorting thirty Soviet delegates to conference (Minneapolis, May 24-25) on "creating conditions for peace" will be IPS founders **Richard Barnet** and **Marcus Raskin**, plus **Jimmy Carter**'s disarmament czar **Paul Warnke**. . . . **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn** has been awarded $175,000 Templeton Prize for contributions to religion. . . . Poland has fired **Andrzej Wajda** (*Man of Iron*) as head of X group, a government-controlled movie outfit which, says government spokesman **Jerzy Urban**, is "a singular concentration of anti-state activity."

■ Some pro-**Margaret Thatcher** background facts as the British prepare for that all-important election next month: the Tories have a war chest of $18 million, to Labor's $4 million; recent extensive redistricting will, say observers, be good for about twenty new Conservative seats. As it stands, **Michael Foot**'s Labor Party would have to gain one hundred seats to beat out the Tories. . . . Subtle the Soviets are not: **Konstanin Chernenko**, **Brezhnev**'s protégé, is out of favor with the new leaders, so when *Kommunist* got around to reviewing his peppy new book, *Affirm the Lenin Style in Party Work*, he was never referred to as "Comrade," while every reference in the book to **Andropov** was preceded by the title "Tovarishch." . . . One of Communism's proudest boasts is that medical services in the Soviet Union are free and universally available (if you should live so long). A new study, based on Soviet figures, indicates the number of deaths per thousand in the Soviet Union increased by 50 per cent between 1964 and 1980, and life expectancy for Soviet men, according to Dr. **Murray Feshback**, senior research scholar at the Kennedy Institute of Ethics at Georgetown U., was 62 years in 1980, down from 66 years in 1965-66.

■ Princess **Di** is Britain's dreamboat, but recent poll of 350 British women indicates that most of them wish she'd dress more like Margaret Thatcher.

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THE WEEK

■ NATIONAL REVIEW has learned that the purported "bishops' letter" on nuclear war and disarmament is a forgery.

■ The nuclear issue, of course, comes at us from every direction, including the U.S. Congress. It is focused, in its essential meaning, on the prospective deployment of Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe (see "Nuclear Chess," p. 604). It subsumes the behavior of the American Catholic bishops, so at variance with the bishops of nations on the edge of the Soviet empire. In this swirling storm of global politics, our adversary has a hand on the Western tiller, as the House of Representatives passes 278 to 149 a "freeze" resolution—much amended, to be sure, and provided with a vague time limit (translation: political escape hatch)—which, though substantively diaphanous, adds to the political pressure against our side. The House vote was a symbolic blow to NATO, which is not foremost in the thoughts of the average congressman. It was a political plus for Mr. Andropov. It was junk thought. H. L. Mencken, call your office.

■ Slowly, as the facts become better known, the political lines are beginning to shift on indexing and the third-year tax cut. Liberals are discovering, as the non-partisan Congressional Research Service put it, that "an unindexed tax system tends to shift the relative tax burden away from upper-income taxpayers to low- and middle-income taxpayers." Tyler Bridges of Ralph Nader's Tax Reform Research Group says that liberal opponents of the two tax measures "are ignoring some important factors. . . . Eliminating indexing and the third year will increase the taxes of middle-income taxpayers and may further undermine their support for social spending." On the opposite side, some "pro-business" forces are undercutting the fight to save these reforms, partly in fear that lawmakers will raise taxes elsewhere instead. Joseph Slevin, a columnist for *American Banker*, says that since indexing ends the pain taxpayers feel from bracket creep, it will sap their political will to resist inflation. He forgets that that pain exactly corresponds to the pleasure lawmakers get from bracket creep—in the form of higher revenues—and that the lawmakers are in a far better position to act on their preferences.

■ THE WRONG STUFF (contd.): *"Senator John Glenn said yesterday that racial quotas have been 'very productive' in correcting employment discrimination"* (UPI). "Earth to Glenn, Earth to Glenn, OVER. . . . What's this on UPI? OVER. . . . We never repeat never call them quotas, OVER. . . . Why? Because everybody hates repeat hates them, OVER. . . . Call it 'affirmative action' instead, or, better still, don't even mention it, OVER. . . . Keep it up and your campaign will be OVER, OVER and OUT!"

■ Crime fell last year, even as unemployment rose. This reversed the conventional wisdom, but it was nothing new: during the 1960s, crime rose while unemployment fell. The failure of the two to correlate is strikingly borne out in particular cases: in hard-hit Flint, Mich., reported crime dropped 4.8 per cent last year, more than the national average. Robert Samuelson, writing in *National Journal*, points out that we don't know exactly what social factors contribute to crime statistics. "But we can be virtually certain that one cherished solution won't work: curing unemployment will not automatically cure crime."

■ The maximum Social Security tax any worker could pay in 1970 was $372.40 a year. The 1977 SS tax increase that was supposed to save the system forever, with $227 billion in new taxes, roughly sextupled the tax, to the present maximum of $2,391.90. This year's new save-the-system tax hike—another $165 billion through 1989—will bring the worker's "contribution" to $4,360.50 by 1990, with an equal "contribution" from the employer, or nearly $9,000 per worker. And that on the none-too-safe assumption that the Ponzi system won't be in need of another monumental fix before the decade is over.

■ The bad news is that Tip O'Neill, in the budget fight, wants to increase federal taxes and spending something like $300 billion, or roughly the cost of World War II. The other bad news is that the Republicans (?!) are getting close to agreeing with Mr. O'Neill, although they would only increase federal taxes something like $299 billion. There is NO good news this week.

■ In politics all things are possible. In the British elections now called for June 9, put the emphasis on *all*. Labor challenger Michael Foot wants to pull out of the Common Market, increase social services, nationalize far and wide, ban the bomb, and move toward an overall neutralism in foreign policy. Compared with many of his Labor Party colleagues, Foot is moderate. Margaret Thatcher currently holds a ten-point lead in the polls. She'd *better* win.

■ Lest we suppose Communist China has mellowed through its trade and diplomatic contacts with the West in the past decade, it is reported that Peking has jailed four elderly Catholic priests for long terms

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

In the wake of the grim report of the National Commission on Excellence in Education, the issue of American education is seen here as a fresh polarizer in the '84 presidential election. When the economy is moved aside and secondary issues are looked at, both law-and-order and education are seen as rich political ore. Indeed, for Americans, education is a crucial value that everyone can relate to, whether under the form of federal versus local funding, longer school days, more homework, or what the National Education Association hath wrought. The link between the NEA and the Democratic Party is so tight, in fact, that the commission report is a devastating political document that, if properly handled, can fry the Democrats. Walter Mondale is helping them with that culinary operation by such tactics as the speech at Harvard in which he called for $11 billion in new federal money for education. "With that strategy he'll get all the votes at Harvard," said one White House Reaganite. "We'll get Seton Hall's and Eureka's and mainline America's."

It is not quite that simple, however, when you recall that Ronald Reagan wants to abolish the federal Department of Education, an unexceptionable idea—if you are thinking in the abstract. "With this report in front of us, there is just no way you can say that you want to help education and at the same time exterminate the Education Department," says one Reagan insider. Since there are not enough votes in Congress to kill the department anyway, some White House advisors want the President to announce that, given the parlous state of American education, he has assigned Secretary Terrel Bell a new agenda for the department, i.e., an agenda of accountability, by which school districts and educational institutions receiving federal funds will be fastidiously reviewed and held accountable for their use of taxpayers' moneys. Ed Meese still says abolition now, but Jim Baker, Mike Deaver, et al. incline toward the new agenda. "Let's not serve Walter his single live issue on a silver platter," they say. Amen to that. Put off the deep-sixing, please, until after the elections.

■ The sick joke making the rounds here is that the strife between Jim Baker and Bill Clark is like herpes: It will last, with periods of remission and outbreak, for the life of the Administration. Right now there's a slight remission, but the disease remains virulent (despite the President's recent denials) and worrisome, especially to Paul Laxalt. As Mr. Reagan's 1984 campaign super-mogul, Laxalt must coordinate the activities of the Vander Jagt (GOP House Campaign) Committee, the Lugar (GOP Senate Campaign) Committee, the Fahrenkopf (Republican National Campaign) Committee, and Mr. Reagan's own Re-Elect Committee. "Once you hit January," one of his aides says, "events will move the year through fast." The State of the Union will start the run, followed by the economic message to Congress, the budget, the President's 73rd birthday, the State of the World, and the ninety days of Democratic primaries all super-produced by TV's megabucks. May will bring a repeat of the European economic summit, and June or July, a probable Nixonesque foray abroad by the President. Then the Democratic convention, the Olympics, the Republican convention, and, lo, the Campaign. Laxalt wonders how—with all the White House tricky-track commotion—he can get the Reagan presidential campaign up, organized, and running so as to a) develop a strategy, b) mobilize surrogates, and c) set themes.

Like other insiders, Laxalt sees this Baker/Clark battle as more serious than the earlier Baker/Meese skirmishes. The stakes are bigger, the people tougher, and foreign policy more important than in-house arguing over turf and operational styles. "Leadership is what's at stake," says one White House aide who works with Laxalt on the political side. "Reagan was carried through the recession and high unemployment by the perception that he is a leader. But if he can't settle staff bickering inside his own operation, how can he persuade the public that he can lead the nation?"

What Laxalt and others believe the President should do is knock heads. Summoning senior staff, Dutch should Dutch-uncle them: "Fellas, we've got a tough election campaign ahead of us, and a lot of things on our plate domestically and in foreign policy. We've got to work together as a team. Anyone who can't be a team player, quit. No questions asked." Alas, the President appears constitutionally unable to handle this kind of confrontation.

Meanwhile, Bill Clark is demoralized by the havoc. Inside the White House opinion is just about equally divided as to whether Clark will stick it out or pull up stakes and go back to his California ranch, in the belief that the conflict, hurtful to the President, can be terminated only by the departure of one of its two principals. However, friends are telling him, correctly, that he is now essential to the President's foreign policy, as, among other items, Mr. Reagan's recent letter-perfect foreign-policy speeches demonstrate. —CATO

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for such horrid crimes as "maintaining ties with the Vatican" and publicizing Catholic activities in China.

■ How bad is it *really* in Eastern-bloc countries? Real bad, at least in the opinion of some who, manifestly, would rather be dead than red. Out of the twenty countries with the highest suicide rates, seven are behind the Iron Curtain. As reported in the UN *Demographic Yearbook* of 1979, Rumania, Hungary, and East Germany handily come in first, second, and third on the list, while the United States trails at twentieth. How many people take their own lives in the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China? They're not telling.

■ Are the French riots and disorders of the past fortnight building toward a new '68? That convulsion, first in the streets of Paris and then all over the country, was the first sign of de Gaulle's waning strength. So far the dissatisfaction has not coalesced into an organized, directed anti-Mitterrand wave. Here you have students rioting against new draft regulations and educational reforms; there farmers are storming police stations to protest Common Market dumping of cheap agricultural products in France. Shopkeepers, faced with new taxes, have taken to the streets, as have workers whose wages are frozen and who see plants closing down right and left. And the government can only look forward to further dis-

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content. In June, for the first time, most moderate-income Frenchmen will find themselves making compulsory loans to the government—part of Mitterrand's new austerity program. And in the fall, after the long August vacation, it will be contract-renewal time. That's when the major unions, which have gone along with the government thus far—after all, it is a government of the Left, one of theirs—will have to convince their members that while their standard of living is going down, Socialism is still a good thing. The answer is: It's not '68 yet. But the potential is there for a major blowout.

■ WANTED: For war crimes. Olof Palme. Has threatened to drop depth charges on friendly Soviet subs minding their own business in his waters. UN marshals should look for criminal at any peace rally, criticizing U.S. policies in Vietnam, Salvador, South Africa, Cuba; or at his offices as president, Socialist International; or sending food and drugs to any Marxist revolutionary movement. Extreme caution is advised. He has forked tongue.

■ Lu Cannon writes a column for the *Washington Post* which h e he ends every week with a Reaganism, designed to show how fuddled, distracted , or just plain dumb the President is. Cannon's usual tech-
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
technique is to quote unedited transcripts. But we'd all look pretty dumb without editing, wouldn'6 we Lou@?

■ "Jesus and the disciples traveled with a band of women," says William Kirby, "a point that few modern-day preachers care to mention. And Jesus was a compassionate man. A *very* compassionate man. . . . Remember when the woman poured expensive ointment on Jesus' feet and wiped them with her hair? . . . Masters and Johnson were not the first to realize the usefulness of oils for sexual arousal. . . . Then recall when, after the Resurrection, Mary Magdalene, a prostitute, clung to Jesus' feet. He said, 'Don't touch me, for I have not yet ascended to the Father,' or something like that. Well, I find it very interesting that the word for 'touch' there, the Greek word, can mean anything from 'handle' to 'intercourse.'" You guessed it: William Kirby is a chaplain at Princeton.

■ OOPS DEPT.: Last month the Brazilians intercepted a shipment of Soviet arms destined for Nicaragua marked "medical supplies." This month the Costa Ricans intercepted a shipload of "Swiss agro-chemicals" bound for Nicaragua, and guess what.

■ Colman McCarthy, mad-dog liberal pundit of the *Washington Post*, launched a recent column with a reference to "the insults leveled at Indians by James Watt." *Insults?* If you ascribe poverty and alcoholism to the Ravages of Capitalism, you're defending the Indians; if you blame the same phenomena on socialism—your remarks have racist overtones.

■ Senator Christopher Dodd startled everybody by swearing to resist any Marxist regimes established as close as Cos Cob, Conn.

■ Pleased to report that Mr. Gaifar el Nimeiry has been re-elected as president of the Sudan by a comfortable margin, 99.6 per cent of the vote.

Triumph of Terror

If the United States and Great Britain were the earth's two superpowers, nuclear-arms reduction and even elimination would be a meaningful and achievable objective. Both nations share a common framework of tradition and morality, as well as systems of government based on procedures of discussion and consent. They can co-exist without mutual terror.

This obviously does not apply to a pair of antagonists for one of whom terror is a principle of both domestic order and international influence. For the Soviet Union, moreover, negotiations themselves are not a way of resolving conflict but a *form* of conflict.

Nuclear weapons *exist*. It would seem disrespectful to quarrel with mild-mannered clergymen expressing the wish that such dreadful weapons had never come into existence, but the atomic bomb was destined to become a reality by the advances of modern physics. In the circumstances of World War II, the question was not whether the genie would come out of the lantern, but who would let him out first. It was not America's irresponsible omnipotence but America's concrete options that created the first atomic bomb.

Options depend on alternatives. The American Catholic bishops, in their final draft of the now-famous pastoral letter on nuclear war, show almost no awareness of such political axioms. The letter does, to be sure, make a passing reference to Soviet "repression" and "lack of respect . . . for human rights," but poses, against these, the "flaws" in the American system. The point thus made is moralistic rather than structural, and we are told that "both states" share a "common interest" in "never using nuclear weapons."

How do the bishops know the Soviets have an interest in never using those weapons? They don't. They merely posit the danger of any nuclear exchange expanding into all-out nuclear war. Assuming universal destruction as the predictable result of any first use, then yes, even the Politburo might agree that there is no point in pursuing the arms race. But there are many other scenarios, including a Soviet first strike

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launched from a position of such decisive nuclear superiority that American retaliation would be suicidal.

As Michael Novak noted in "Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age" (April 1), there are also more subtle ways of "using" nuclear weapons, as for purposes of intimidation. From this perspective, it represents a triumph of Soviet policy for an important body of moral authority within the enemy camp to issue a major statement whose net effect can only be to paralyze the enemy's will. [Michael Novak's analysis of the bishops' statement will appear in our next issue.]

The bishops and their defenders may reply that they can only influence one side and that, unfair as this may seem, they must use that influence to the utmost. But this answer misses the point. The pastoral letter *does* affect both sides; but in opposite ways. It confuses and demoralizes Americans; and for that very reason, it represents an achievement of Soviet nuclear policy—and a powerful incentive to continue it. TASS has already praised the bishops for "denouncing Washington's preparations for nuclear war as amoral" and providing "guidance for almost fifty million Catholic parishioners in the United States."

This was not the intended effect of the letter, but it is the real one. Moral teachers, however apolitical, should be able to appreciate the distinction between intentions and effects.

Do the bishops really intend to send forth a signal whose political meaning is: "Better red than dead"? Do they consider it a matter of indifference whether their moral opposition to nuclear war increases the chances of Communist global domination? Whether, in fact, that opposition actually increases the chance of nuclear war itself?

"We cannot remain silent in the face of such danger," the final draft says. The bishops have remained silent enough on other issues, for instance school prayer. In this document they are all but silent on the distinctive horrors of Communism itself, including the sort of ruthless persecution described in this issue by Cornel H. Petrassevich (p. 621).

The bishops are none too clear about the purpose and status of their statement. Some speak of helping to "form the conscience"; others apparently want to make its position a matter of obedience, no matter what the individual conscience may say; a few insist it is totally non-binding; Cardinal Bernardin himself sees it as a more or less political act of opposition to the arms race. The political motive is highlighted by the very fact that the final draft was deliberately changed to escape the dreaded approval of the Reagan Administration—a sign that the bishops were less interested in an independent than in a fashionable position. So much for "speaking out," for the martyrs' pose, for the teaching office. Far from defying Caesar, the bishops have spoken to the world in accents highly congenial to the prevailing powers of that world, who are not Christian.

Accounting And Accountability

The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence has voted to give Congress the power to cut off funds for covert operations in Central America, thus showing all the world that it intends to be taken seriously, no fooling. "We are no longer simply to be informed," announced Senator Moynihan. "We want to be part of the process."

No offense, but Congress's participation in past processes has not exactly inspired confidence. There was, less than a decade ago, the matter of South Vietnam, a country our aid to which was a most overt operation; yet country and aid both went swirling down the tubes when Congress decided to end the process. Pol Pot, boat people, yellow rain, and a dozen excellent Vietnamese restaurants in the greater Washington area followed.

In fairness to Congress, the passions that moved it in that instance grew to such proportions because the Executive, under three successive Presidents, had failed to make a case for a winnable strategy, and to insist on it. President Reagan has made a cogent case, based on Central America's proximity to us and the grossness of Communist intervention there. He must not forget to insist, nor be unwilling, if congressional strictures prevent his strategy from being executed, to decline the attempt, and to fasten the responsibility, and the blame, on the Hill, where it will belong. If Congress calls the tune, let it pay the piper.

Nuclear Chess

Soviet ruler Yuri Andropov has just issued a modified position on nuclear-arms control, the latest in a lengthy series. Some aspects of it President Reagan has found promising. "We are prepared," said Andropov in a key passage, "to reach agreement on the equality of nuclear potentials in Europe both as regards delivery vehicles and warheads with due account, of course, for the corresponding armaments of Britain and France."

The "promising" part of this proposal is the offer to count warheads as well as launchers, a more realistic approach to any arms-control negotiation because of the presence of MIRVed launchers. Like all other Soviet arms-control proposals, however, this one must be evaluated in view of the Soviets' unchanging political goal in Europe: the breakup of NATO and the neutralization of West Germany. In the service of that political goal, the shove-and-push over nuclear weapons remains a central tactic, though not the only one. And where nuclear weapons are concerned, the deployment of the Pershing II and cruise missiles is

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Calling Cardinal Spellman

Like a mighty army moves the Church of God,
Though the banners (brother!) certainly look odd.
They are not divided, voting for a freeze;
Forward into battle, using bows and arrows, please.
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching to deplore
That precise essential to deter a war.

W. H. VON DREELE

the point on which everything currently turns. If the Soviets can block the deployment of these weapons, they will retain their menacing theater superiority through their SS-20s. In that case, a strategic wedge would be driven between the U.S. and its NATO allies, which would perceive themselves as facing the Soviet superpower without a symmetrical deployment by the United States. The Soviet insistence on counting in the British and French nuclear weapons can only be designed to delay the arms-control process for political reasons. The British and French arsenals consist in large part of submarine-launched missiles, which both the U.S. and the USSR agree should be considered—in terms of range and accuracy—as strategic rather than theater weapons.

The British and French weapons, moreover, can never be the equivalent of weapons under the control of one of the two superpowers, certainly not the equivalent of the modern theater weapons now deployed in Europe by the Soviet Union and backed by its total military strength. In the end, it is the U.S. that balances, or fails to balance, Soviet intermediate-range nuclear capabilities. And if it fails to do so, NATO is doomed in the not very long run.

There is a whole range of other military considerations, which include geographical ones, that bear on the question of European security—for example, the proximity of the Soviet Union, and the transatlantic distance of the United States. There is also the danger that the Soviet Union, in the event that negotiations reach that point, will attempt to get away with simply transferring the SS-20s from Europe to Siberia—where they would have the range to hit California.

Under Foreign Eyes

The Russian spy business, assuming anybody cares except Roy Cohn and a few retired members of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, is surely getting out of hand. Granted the Vienna Convention ("The person of a diplomatic agent shall be inviolate. He shall not be liable to any form of arrest or detention"—Article 29). But the fact of the matter is that most Soviet "diplomats" aren't that, and we know it, they know it, and we know they know it. Is there anything to be done?

There are three types of visas available to Russians. The first is diplomatic. The second, defined by a different convention, extends diplomatic immunity only to the applicant's "activities in his official capacity." (For instance, Russians coming to the UN.) The third, which is a routine commercial or tourist visa, carries no immunity.

Why not require Soviet "diplomats" to specify their functions? ("My mission is to blow up the Pentagon when I get the signal." "My mission is to protect Alger Hiss." "My mission is to buy doves for freeze rallies.") Give these people functional immunity, and restrict the number of those who get full diplomatic immunity. To how many? Oh, say ten. At this writing, believe it or not, of the 2,500 Soviet citizens living in this country, the FBI says somewhere between 25 and 45 per cent of them are spies.

Eight Years Too Late

Saigon fell before Hanoi's juggernaut eight years ago this spring. The battle to reverse the intellectual and historical defeat is only just beginning. In 1981, the Institute for Educational Affairs began identifying and helping scholars who, in the words of Philip Marcus, the institute's director, could "illuminate the true meaning of Vietnam." In January of this year, the IEA helped Peter Braestrup, author of *The Big Story* (a carefully documented exposé of the American press's mishandling of Vietnam War news), put together a conference on Vietnam revisionism. Fox Butterfield's thoughtful article on "The New Vietnam Scholarship" in the *New York Times Magazine* (Feb. 13) grew out of that conference. The IEA is also sponsoring the research of two scholars in the field, Ginetta Sagan and Doan Van Toai. Miss Sagan estimates, in her monograph on human-rights violations, that 250,000 Vietnamese have died since 1975 as victims of the Communist regime. Toai's book, *The Vietnamese Gulag* (just out from Regnery), documents conditions in the forced-labor and re-education camps.

Other evidence crops up. *The Economist* (Feb. 26) carried an account of French journalist Jérôme Kanapa's eye-opening interview with Generals Vo Nguyen Giap and Vo Bam, two of North Vietnam's top military leaders. On a jeep ride down the Ho Chi Minh trail, Bam and Giap explained that a North Vietnamese Communist Party plenum decided in 1959 to foment an armed revolt against the Saigon government. (This, one year before the founding of the National Liberation Front in the south and two years before President Kennedy sent the first 685 American advisors to South Vietnam.) According to Giap and Bam, work began on the Ho Chi Minh trail in 1959, and in the early years Hanoi slipped twenty thousand men

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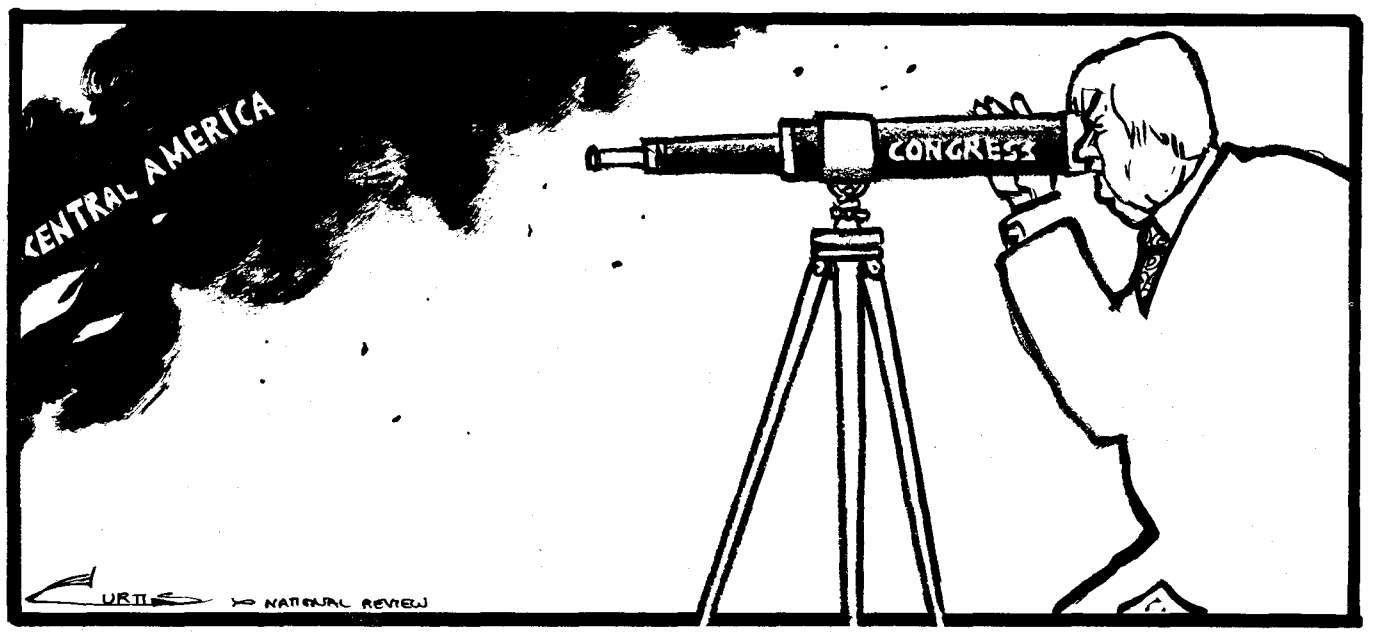

to the south. So much for the civil-war explanation of 1965-75. Few things are more bittersweet than being proven right too late.

Protecting the Word 'Marxist'

A peculiar development is occurring in academic circles; has, in fact, been taking place for several years. The project is the substitution of the word "Marxist" for the older term "Communist," and the intellectual protection of the former. This practice is now seeping outward into the mass media, not only in the description of Central American guerrillas, but also in the texture of such mass-circulation organs as the influential *New York Times Book Review*.

The term "Marxism" is being, to use a word we don't much like, sanitized. We notice the May 8 number of the *Book Review*.

In a review of a collection of essays by Stephen Jay Gould, the British biologist and "Marxist" journalist, the reviewer observes: "The columns of the prestigious British scientific weekly *Nature* have been peppered with ill-tempered letters accusing the advocates of such theories [as Gould's] of being anti-scientific and even (horrors!) Marxist." The fact of the matter is that Mr. Gould *is* a Marxist and had been a regular contributor to the *Daily Worker* of London, in which his contributions, in the opinion of the reviewer (who teaches biology at the Open University of London), "combined scientific erudition with sharp political comment." That anyone should correctly characterize such a writer as a Marxist draws the sneering parenthetical comment "horrors!" from the *Times Book Review*.

Flipping through that same issue, we find a generally respectful review by Andrew Hacker, a professor at Queens College, of a book by a "Marxist" named Ariel Dorfman, which, without cracking a smile, finds Babar the Elephant, the Lone Ranger, and *Reader's Digest* parts of a seamless capitalistic plot. Babar is an imperialist, Silver Bullet racist, and the *Digest* a narcotic. Hacker demurs to the extent of wishing this "analysis" had been tied more empirically to the presumptive audiences of these items, but he does take it seriously.

In the same issue of the *Book Review* we come, remarkably enough, to a critique of a new book on Dashiell Hammett that readily concedes Hammett's slavish Stalinism on issue after issue from the Stalin purge trials to the Hitler-Stalin pact, but which also lets his long-time mistress, Lillian Hellman, off the hook: Miss Hellman "has been contradictory," we read, on the matter of Hammett's Party membership, though "there is . . . no substantial doubt that Hammett was a Party member from the late Thirties until his imprisonment for contempt of court in 1951 . . ." Miss Hellman was thus only "contradictory" about the man with whom she had been living all those years, presumably never discussing politics with him.

Well, the May 8 number of the *Times Book Review* probably represents a peculiarly intense crystallization of this sort of thing, the semantic and epistemological protection of "Marxism," née Communism. But you should keep an eye on it, and we'll be doing so too.

Don't Count Your Chryslers . . .

It looks now as if Chrysler will survive, which has led to some speculation that perhaps we should try the government-bailout idea on the whole economy, as the neo-liberals want. Maybe it takes a neo-liberal to be astounded that subsidized credit to Chrysler should

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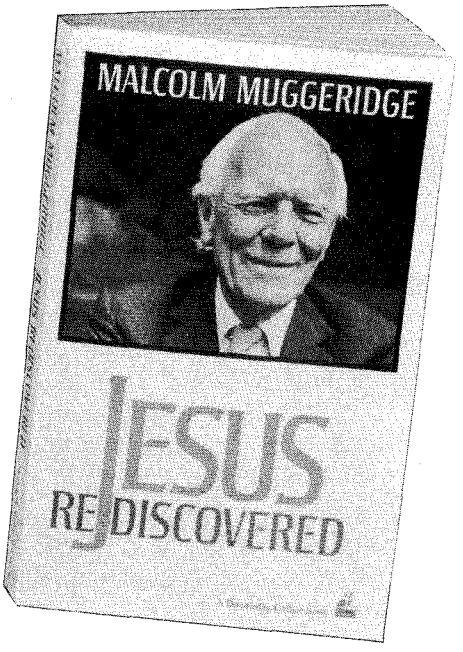
Here it is!

Jesus Rediscovered



a book you'll never forget

ONCE in a great while a book comes along that grips you from the opening page and remains with you for good. That happens to be a perfect description of *Jesus Rediscovered*, a most unusual book by the world-famous author Malcolm Muggeridge.

This isn't what you would ordinarily think of as a "religious" book at all. Far from it, in fact. Actually, it reads like an exciting novel. It's filled with marvelous examples of Muggeridge's wit and eloquence. Few if any other writers are able to make these important points with such zest and verve.

Jesus Rediscovered is not an especially large book (something over 200 pages) but it covers a lot of ground. In short order you are treated to a unique view of politics, science, technology, ethics, contemporary morality, and, of course, God and religion. On page after page you'll encounter things that will make you pause because you suddenly recognize something you have always known to be true but have never heard anyone say before. It's that kind of book—powerful stuff for an age of doubting Thomases.

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We'll see that you get the next 26 exciting issues of NR and we'll send you a copy of *Jesus Rediscovered*, in the handsome new soft-cover edition ($6.95 retail), absolutely FREE and postpaid. That's all there is to it. But act now. Offer automatically expires when our supply of books is gone.

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have succeeded in making Chrysler more prosperous. That's what subsidies are for. That the money may someday be paid back proves nothing: the real inquiry is, Could it have been put to some more worthwhile use?

Even this question runs a little ahead of the game. Chrysler is reluctant to let Washington redeem the stock warrants that were part of the deal (and presumably not from fear of socialism, since a Reagan Treasury would surely sell off the shares). The company says it wants to begin paying back the loans, but the United Auto Workers wants the money for raises instead. If taxpayers have to wait on the UAW's say-so, they may wait until doomsday. Ford, by the way, has been seriously weakened by Chrysler's competition, and Chrysler itself has closed or sold off vast chunks of its assets—thus accomplishing in large part, and with few murmurs, what would supposedly have been catastrophic if it had happened to the whole company.

The re-industrializers shouldn't press their luck. As Macaulay wrote in his essay on Addison: "If a friend were to ask us whether we would advise him to risk his all in a lottery of which the chances were ten to one against him, we should do our best to dissuade him from running such a risk. Even if he were so lucky as to get the £30,000 prize, we should not admit that we had counseled him ill."

Politics at Indian Point

Low on the Hudson River—at about the point where Henry Hudson began to suspect he wasn't going to find a northwest passage—sit the Indian Point nuclear-power reactors. Thirty-five miles south lies midtown Manhattan. Within a ten-mile radius live nearly three hundred thousand people. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission recently gave the operators of the two plants a choice: devise a credible evacuation plan, or shut down.

Since it issues from a regulatory agency, the ultimatum has an air of scientific impartiality. In fact it was a political decision, sprung from a political context. Any plan requires the cooperation of Rockland County, part of which lies within the ten-mile radius. County officials have, however, steadfastly refused to participate in drills. Could Albany smooth the way by offering to help handle the county's emergency operations? Yes, but Governor Cuomo has been equally unwilling to move. So the planning languishes, and the NRC grows impatient.

The reluctance of both state and county reflects a determined local campaign, led by all the usual suspects (the Union of Concerned Scientists, an anti-nuclear pressure group composed almost entirely of non-scientists; the New York Public Interest Research Group, a Naderite spin-off). More generally, it reflects the decade-long deluge of anti-nuclear propaganda and misinformation. By coincidence, a month before the Indian Point ultimatum, a gross example of the latter came up before the National News Council, a media watch-dog group. The *Washington Post* had reported, in a sensational story last November, that a nuclear research laboratory predicted as many as one hundred thousand deaths in its worst-case nuclear accident scenario. In point of fact, that figure came, not from a prediction, but from a dry-run of the program—a "parametric range run," in computerese—using deliberately absurd assumptions. The National News Council took note, and shot the *Post* down.

But there have been many such stories, day in and day out, year after year, and the cumulative effect is paralyzing. It is in the nature of politicians—indeed, it is their duty—to take note of popular anxieties. If there were no need for the power that nuclear plants supply—if the slack could be taken up by energy sources that are dirt-cheap and fail-safe—then the politicians might be justified in caving in to this particular anxiety. Nuclear power, cheaper than most alternatives and safer than all of them, requires some gumption.

Mondale Agonizes

What fun to blast the deficits!
  I love reversing roles.
It's better than a purgative
  And useful in the polls.
But as I kick conservatives
  For all that awful debt,
If what I want means more red ink,
  Will I be called all wet?

W. H. von Dreele

Troops to Barnard?

The various disturbances, threats, and disinvitations directed at UN Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick don't mean that the Left is returning to the campuses. They mean that the Left never left. Though always a minority, the campus Left enjoys quasi-official status as "the students," who are constituted as representative of their generation by a sort of diplomatic recognition extended by liberal administrators and media people. These indulgent elders are once more helping campus radicals assert their hegemony through disruption.

In a somewhat waffling way, a few liberals have defended Mrs. Kirkpatrick's right to speak, always (of course) putting primary stress on how abhorrent her views are and treating her as a sort of grisly test

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case for freedom of expression. They are moved not at all by the ugly reception she receives as a representative of the United States.

If the campuses have decided to make themselves pockets of anti-Americanism, taxpayers should exert pressure to see to it that at least the offending schools aren't being fueled with public moneys. Beyond that, there are the rights not only of Mrs. Kirkpatrick but of her would-be audiences to think of, and the Administration might consider using its power to prosecute those who conspire to violate the civil rights of others. It could be a valuable lesson for the nation if Berkeley were served notice that it will be held to the same standards of civilized behavior as Little Rock.

George Balanchine, R I P

The greatest choreographer of our time, his devotees insist. One of the most important figures in twentieth century dance, by anybody's reckoning. As a choreographer his art was the apotheosis of the neoclassical style; but he was also a showman, and a teacher—one of the major forces, four decades ago, in causing Americans to start paying attention to ballet.

Balanchine was brought up in the classical tradition. His earliest years as a dancer were spent at the Maryinsky Theater in St. Petersburg, before that city and its theater were renamed after Lenin and his henchman Kirov. Balanchine stayed in the Soviet Union until 1924, when, as so many later Soviet dancers have done, he left on a tour of Western Europe and never went back.

His choreographic career spanned five decades and many styles, from the lush symbolism of "The Prodigal Son" for Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, to the amplitude of "Apollo" and "The Four Temperaments," to the crisp sparkle of his mature neoclassicism—Petipa run at double time, and with a quirky new twist to the steps and the placements. Many of his most characteristic ballets—although they are deliberately without explicit emotional or dramatic content—recall the glory of the Russian Imperial Court; but he also enjoyed using the popular culture of his adopted country ("Who Cares?," "Stars and Stripes," "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue").

His motto was "Ballet is woman," and for a while he made a practice of marrying his muse—apart from rumored court favorites, four of his ballerinas became, sequentially, Mrs. Balanchine. Passionately Slavic all his life (a fellow refugee reported that his Russian was flawless nearly fifty years after he came West), he was also passionately American. As he said himself in a breathtaking juxtaposition: "I wanted to come to America to form an American company—like the Imperial Russian Ballet." He was also a Russian Orthodox who, asked once how he creates his ballets, answered: "God creates—man assembles."

George Balanchine is survived by a younger brother, Andrei, still in the Soviet Union; and by the New York City Ballet, which he assembled, and cherished.

—L. BRIDGES

Olof Palme Is Disappointed

Though Sweden was sweet and forbearing
As subs snuggled up to a dock,
The day it discovered the spying,
The government went into shock.
For parties that say they're fraternal,
And that's what Andropov's has said,
Should blush sending submarines snooping
Where folks are already half red.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Would you like to arrange a lecture by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn—the world's most learned man, and *NR*'s European correspondent—in October or November? Well, this can be done, by writing to Dr. K-L, A-6072 Lans, Tyrol, Austria. The rewards are grand, as you will hear one of the most interesting men in the world, on his 35th tour of America.

■ Dear Bill:

I thought this clipping from page A3 of the *Kansas City Times* for March 23 might interest you. It certainly interested me. Note the wording of the box—the only mention in that morning's paper of the President's upcoming speech. And people wonder why I'm getting out of the newspaper business . . .

Terry [Teachout]
Kansas City, Mo.

Enclosure: [boxed item] "REAGAN TO SPEAK. In a nationally televised address at 7 P.M. today, President Reagan will try to drum up support for his record defense-spending request of $244.5 billion, which is 10 per cent more than the rate of inflation."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Mr. Petersen can consider me an avid supporter of his new organization, "Quit Calling Goats Billy" ["Notes & Asides," April 29]. I have great empathy for such sympathy, especially since he once asked me (jokingly, I think) if my name was a derivation of Malfunction, Malfeasance, or, possibly, Malnutrition.

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You see, I have an uncle who has *trained* sailors in *ship kitchen* management for the past twenty years, at Great Lakes . . . and hates to be called Svend!!! (Please don't publish the obtuse/obvious word, "Svendgalley"!)

Mal Jones
Miami, Fla.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Anent the comments in "Notes & Asides" [Feb. 4] about the Irish, may I respectfully toss in a soft brick.

You've probably heard the expression: The Irish are a very honest race—they seldom speak well of one another.

Who said that . . . Oscar Wilde?

Yours very truly,
Bill Moran
Buffalo, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Do not despair at not being "a pedigreed member of the [Irish] race" because you have no Irish blood on your mother's side. After all, Eamon de Valera's father was Spanish and Patrick Pearse's English. You're Irish for all that.

As to your father's grandfather being from the North of Ireland, that is irrelevant to his Irishness provided his ancestors were Gaels, which, of course, they were, he and your father's other grandparents all having come from Counties Limerick and Cork (which are not only "South," but southern Éire to boot), and your name (as I wrote to you from Vietnam in 1969) being solidly old Gaelic-Irish (Ó Buachalla).

Best regards,
L. K. O'Drudy Jr.
Vienna, Va.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I submit a sad oxymoron for your cheerful contest: therapeutic abortion.

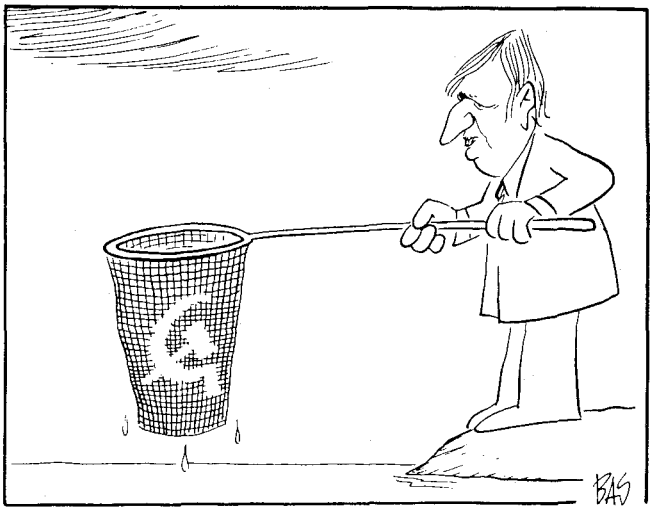
Best regards,
Linda M. Gourash, MD
Pittsburgh, Pa.

May I suggest as an oxymoron that classic we heard so often during the Lebanese civil war: Christian gunmen?

Sincerely,
Peter K. Shepherd
Fairport, N.Y.

For two more oxymorons, what about "Marxist thought" and its result, "scientific socialism"?

Respectfully yours,
Lori D. Lihme
Paradise, Calif.



Bas, *Tachydromos* Rothco

Palme

A few days ago, my high-school (Keynesian) economics teacher abdicated his post, for a day, to allow our in-house Marxist to give his critique of capitalism. Today we discussed what had been said. One question was raised by a number of students: "How can Mr. O. be a Marxist when he dresses so punk/prep and drives a Datsun 280Z (affectionately known as the 280 Bourgeois)?" The reply: "Well, Mr. O. is an intellectual Marxist . . ." My pick for your oxymoron contest.

Sincerely,
William M. Klimon
Cincinnati, Ohio

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have been an *NR* subscriber for about 11 years. During this period, I have been able to maintain some semblance of understanding of the world only through the efforts of you and your staff. Also during this time, I went to college and *NR* was my own safe anchorage after enduring the gales of liberal dogma hurled at us by "enlightened" faculty. Because of personal cash-flow (not to say, liquidity) problems, I was not able to respond to the recent appeal for funds. However, to show my appreciation I am sending you this jar of our local peanut butter. I am also enclosing a check for $20, which is intended for the office pizza/coffee/coke (the drinking kind, I assume) fund.

Again, I thank you for all that you and the *NR* team have given me over the years.

Sincerely,
Robert A. Thatcher
Ferndale, Mich.

Dear Mr. Thatcher: Your kindness and generosity are greatly appreciated. If our fund appeal fails, we'll all be eating only peanut butter, but what a wonderful way it is to go. If we disappear, look after the world for us. Best wishes, **—WFB**

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FROM
Washington
JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

Social Agenda Stymied

TERREL BELL testified recently before Senator Orrin Hatch's Constitutional Rights Subcommittee that public schools should have the discretion to decide whether to permit voluntary prayer. It was a yeoman effort by the Secretary of Education, and shows that the Administration is continuing to push the President's social agenda in the legislative arena. Unfortunately, the bottleneck is not Congress; it is the courts.

The chief struts of President Reagan's social agenda are these: tuition tax credits, voluntary prayer in public schools, overturning the Supreme Court's *Roe* v. *Wade* abortion ruling, returning to color and gender blindness in U.S. law, vindicating federalism by protecting state sovereignty, and curtailing expansionist interpretations of federal regulatory statutes, such as those governing higher education. For the social revolution to march forward, changes must be made in the constitutional and statutory jurisprudence handed down by the Warren and, alas, Burger Courts. The responsibility for engineering those changes falls primarily on Solicitor General Rex Lee, a weak litigator.

Whose SG?

The Solicitor General represents the U.S. Government in cases before the Supreme Court. He decides what cases the government should ask the Court to review and what position the government should take. He supervises the preparation of the government's briefs and argues most of the important cases himself. He also decides whether the U.S. should appeal cases it has lost before lower courts. The SG serves at the pleasure of the President and the Attorney General, both of whom are reluctant, as a rule, to sack an SG because the Solicitor General's office is supposed to be a sanctuary of political agnosticism—a transparent canard in the current instance, since Carter holdovers swarm all over the sanctuary.

Tuition tax credits for parents who send their children to non-public schools is one of the President's prime programs, and its fate now rests with the Supreme Court in the *Mueller* case, which involves a Minnesota statute allowing such credits. In defending the constitutionality of this statute before the Supreme Court, Solicitor General Lee has used arguments so watered down that they almost invite the Court to reject legislation on this subject now pending in Congress.

On the school-prayer issue, the SG, in a Lubbock (Texas) case, has not supported attempts to get jurisprudence that would enable religious groups, like other student groups, to conduct extracurricular activities on school grounds on a non-discriminatory basis—despite an inviting precedent at the college level. Also in this connection, an Alabama district court upheld a voluntary-prayer-in-school statute, and, on appeal, the SG declined to support that district-court ruling.

On the abortion issue, Rex Lee did, it is true, succeed in obtaining permission for the U.S. to file a brief in the *Planned Parenthood* v. *Ashcroft* case, wherein he opposed a vast expansion of the abortion "right"—a filing that one well-placed Washington observer describes as "coerced" from Lee. Furthermore, the SG refused simultaneously in that case to call upon the Court to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*.

On color and gender blindness in U.S. legal doctrine, Mr. Lee has failed to mount any wholehearted resistance to a policy of giving preference on the basis of race or sex despite the absence of any past discrimination. Indeed, Mr. Lee has gone so far down this path as to support unisex insurance tables. Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act proscribes gender discrimination in employment. Women's groups have complained that components of certain pension plans violate the Act: women either are required to contribute more than men to pension plans, or else receive smaller pension benefits annually. The rationale is that since women live longer than men, if men and women had both paid in identical sums, and if the annual payout allotted to both was identical, then women would draw more funds in aggregate. Women's groups have argued that the compensating disparity—either on the contribution or on the payout side—constitutes unlawful gender discrimination under Title VII, and that the remedy is unisex insurance tables. The Administration, in a position fashioned by Mr. Rex Lee, supports that sophistry, which amounts to preferential treatment for women.

Lee, the Federalist

On the federalism issue, Solicitor General Lee has come out strong for empowering Congress to reduce states to the status of mere adjuncts of the Federal Government. Thus, he successfully exhorted the Court to reject Wyoming's claim that its sovereignty entitled it to set the maximum age for Wyoming law-enforcement officials.

The SG has also stood obdurately against efforts to circumscribe the reach of federal regulatory statutes, notably Title IX of the Higher Education Act Amendments of 1972. The Justice Department's Civil Rights Division is thwarted by Lee's expansionist thinking, notably on the issue of whether the prohibition of gender discrimination in schools relates only to the specific programs that receive federal funds, or to everything the institution does. The Division argues the former, but only over Lee's attempts at obstruction.

A graduate of Brigham Young University, where he also served as Dean of the Law School, Rex Lee had been Assistant Attorney General in the Civil Division at Justice. His candidacy for the office of Solicitor General was supported by Phyllis Schlafly, largely, it is said, on the basis of Lee's writings against the ERA. Attorney General William French Smith advanced Lee's name to the President. Within the Justice Department, the President's men, who must constantly do battle with the many Carterites still holding positions of power, are said to be profoundly disenchanted with Lee. □

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Internal Security — The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

INTERNAL SECURITY has always been a contentious issue, raising philosophical and moral problems, as well as political ones. Too much of it means an authoritarian state, and absolute security is identified with totalism. Can a democracy get it right?

Nowhere has the question raised more acute and anguishing difficulties than in the United States. In the wake of Watergate, and especially during the Carter Presidency, it is no exaggeration to say that internal security collapsed. There is now, under the Reagan Administration, at least an intelligent effort to get the mix right.

There is a dividing line between *safety* (as in safety in the streets) and *security*, but at points it is thin and tenuous. A person killed by terrorist action (a question of security) is no less dead than one shot down for criminal purposes (safety). For my part, I have always taken the view that in a democratic society, a crime (killing, maiming, robbing a bank) is a crime and should be treated as such, political motivation not being relevant to the final outcome. Leading proponents of the opposite view are to be found among defenders of the IRA and of the PLO, but the government that yields to the specious argument that political motivation is a mitigating circumstance is handing over a share of sovereignty to the men (and women) of violence.

Monitoring Subversives

Internal security, in the political sense, implies a monitoring of signals of subversive intent, which may or may not involve violence. After Watergate there was an element of the death-wish in the readiness of legislators and media people to bow to the wishes of the subversives for fear of being thought illiberal. The outcome was two pieces of legislation—the Freedom of Information Act and the Privacy Act—that together made it impossible for the FBI, the Customs Service, and the police (as well as the CIA) to do their jobs properly.

A rectifying trend is now gathering strength. The new guidelines announced some weeks ago by Attorney General William French Smith do at least offer greater flexibility than the absurd guidelines of 1976, announced by the then-Attorney General, Edward Levi.

Why were the Levi guidelines absurd? Because they made it illegal for the FBI to keep a watch on the activities even of known terrorists or groups until they had actually committed a crime. Detection of criminal activity at the planning stage thus became impossible. The Privacy Act, meanwhile, protected criminals and subversives, but not the American people. The Freedom of Information Act deprived the FBI (and the CIA) of the well-positioned agents who used to keep the Bureau (and the Agency) well informed.

The Bureau's informants dropped out in droves. Discouraged, it stopped even reading the radical press (which abounds in clues to intent and capability). It was left to such private bodies as Research West in California (now unfortunately defunct) and *Information Digest* in Baltimore to try, in the private sector, to do at least part of the job that normally falls to a government service.

Would President Reagan have been spared John Hinckley's bullets if the Levi guidelines had not been in force? The hypothesis is at least reasonable. It remains to be seen how the new Smith guidelines work. I am not absolutely sure that they will, because of certain residual ambiguities. For instance, one sentence reads: "Nothing in these guidelines is intended to prohibit the FBI from collecting and maintaining publicly available information, *consistent with the Privacy Act*." It is the emphasized words that bother me. Do they not leave a loophole for radical individuals or groups to challenge whatever monitoring is now attempted?

There are, however, reassuring passages, including one that allows the Bureau to collect information in security and terrorism investigations not only on members of the enterprise but also (as is logical) on "other persons likely to be knowingly active in furtherance of . . . criminal objectives."

A service of immense value to the people of the United States has been carried out quietly over the past few years by David Martin, for many years on the staff of the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, and more recently a consultant to the Standing Committee on Law and National Security of the American Bar Association. His work has extended not only to the restoration of FBI procedures that had become illegal, but to the important field of the screening of public employees—another casualty of the post-Watergate period. In a recent publication of the Heritage Foundation (*Screening of Federal Employees—A Neglected Security Priority*), Martin provides hard evidence of the need for screening, especially in sensitive departments such as Defense. In the blank post-Watergate years, there was nothing to stop any recent graduate of the Soviet Union's or Cuba's terrorism schools from securing employment in any federal department, if his or her qualifications were, in other respects, appropriate.

Rebuilding the System

It is always so much easier to destroy than to rebuild. Discouraged experts and specialists, with years of experience, are eased into early retirement. I am afraid it will take more than new guidelines to bring them back again; and (since experience is one thing money cannot buy) it will take years before younger candidates can be trained to fill vacated shoes.

Philosophically, the Levi guidelines were consistent with the view that the privacy of, say, Cosa Nostra types or members of the Weather Underground is more important than that of the citizens and voters of America as a whole. Morally, the argument was weak: because the FBI might on occasion have overstepped the boundaries of propriety (as it certainly did during the later years of J. Edgar Hoover's long reign), it was all right to undermine the safety of citizens and the security of the nation.

Astonishingly, FBI Director William H. Webster went on record late last year as saying he was "flatly opposed to the long-mandated and generally accepted concept that the FBI should conduct domestic security investigations . . . that it should collect information on subversive activities generally, whether or not they violate some law." With views such as these prevailing at the top, perhaps the FBI needs more than new guidelines. □

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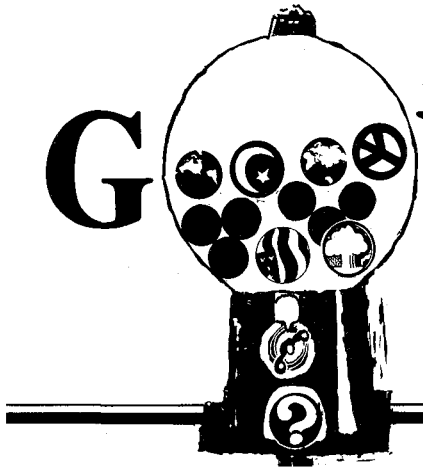
WALTER BERNS



The New Pacifism and World GOVERNMENT

THERE HAVE always been pacifists in this country. As early as 1789, during the debates on the proposed Bill of Rights, Congress found it necessary to decide whether Quakers, Mennonites, and Schwenkfelders should be constitutionally exempted from any requirement to bear arms in defense of the country. As members of traditional peace churches, these "religiously scrupulous"—Madison's term for them—were firmly of the opinion that the willful taking of human life was expressly forbidden under any and all circumstances, and, therefore, that war, even the American War of Independence, was contrary to the principles of the Gospel. For a variety of reasons, not the least of them being the fear that exemption might be exploited by "those who are of no religion," it was decided to leave the question of exemption to legislative discretion. Subsequent Congresses, while insisting that "no man can claim this indulgence by right," have accorded a measure of respect to this religious opinion by permitting those who honestly hold it to register as conscientious objectors. They have always amounted to an insignificant proportion of the population.

Now, under what is said to be the threat of imminent nuclear war, the number of pacifists has increased dramatically. They fill our streets and parks with their banners and placards demanding a freeze on the production and development of nuclear weapons. Hundreds of thousands of young men—some of them sounding like the Oxford Unionists who in the 1930s resolved not to fight for king or country—refuse to register for a draft that has not yet been called up, and one older man, weary of demonstrating at the gates of the White House, threatened to blow up the Washington Monument unless we immediately engaged in a nationwide debate on nuclear disarmament. (Shot dead by the police, he is buried among the nation's honored dead at Arlington.) Some Catholic bishops refuse to pay their defense taxes and, what is more, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops has issued a pastoral letter calling upon us to disarm, to forgo reliance upon weapons now discovered to be "immoral" in favor of a newly acclaimed policy of nonviolent resistance.

We are certain to hear a good deal more about nonviolent resistance. That was Gandhi's tactic, and the recently released film of his life has been described by *Newsweek* as one of the "very few movies that absolutely must be seen." Gandhi employed his form of resistance with great success against the British, which makes it somewhat ironic that it should now be a British film that celebrates his life and times. After all, Churchill once referred to Gandhi as a "half-naked, seditious fakir." But the world has changed a lot since Churchill said he had no intention of presiding over the liquidation of the British Empire, and the British have changed at least as much as the world. They may fight the Argentinians in the Falklands, but at home they seem more inclined to join hands and bodies around American missile bases or, a more serious problem in its implications, to heed their Labor Party's call for unilateral nuclear disarmament.

If they were to be put to the test, however, if these legions of peace demonstrators—British, Dutch, German, and American—were to be confronted not with a squadron of British cavalry or a convoy of American jeeps but with a line of Soviet tanks, there would likely be much nonviolence but precious little resistance. Some demonstrators may protest that martyrdom is preferable to surrender of principle or violation of conscience, and a few of them may mean it, but what characterizes their brand of pacifism is not religious faith but fear. It is out of fear that they call for nonviolent resistance or no resistance, out of fear that they demand a freeze on the production of nuclear weapons, out of fear that some of them call for unilateral disarmament and (they presume) peace, and out of a fear fed by Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth* that many of them join in his call for the abolition of sovereign states and their replacement by a world government.

Peace, and especially in our time, is of course the fervent wish or prayer of all rational beings, and only someone wholly oblivious of the political situation can fail to appreciate how tenuous is our hold on it. There is good reason to be afraid. Yet it is somewhat unfair that these fears, and the radical proposals they have inspired, should have multiplied or have been intensified during a Republican Administration. The world has lived under the threat

Mr. Berns is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute and a professorial lecturer at Georgetown University. His most recent book is For Capital Punishment.

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of nuclear war for a third of a century, and I intend no criticism when I point out that it was a Democratic President, not a Republican, who authorized the development of the first atomic bomb, a Democratic President who first authorized its use as a weapon of war, and a Democratic President who, during the Cuban missile crisis, came closest to authorizing its use against an enemy similarly armed. It is, in fact, only a slight exaggeration to say that Republicans would prefer to have nothing to do with foreign powers (except to trade with them). This may explain why, since McKinley's Presidency, it has been easier for the Democrats to take the country into war and for the Republicans to make peace; for the Democrats to want to take the country into a league of nominally united nations (and on one occasion to succeed) and for the Republicans to beat a retreat into isolationism; for a Democratic President to impose an embargo on shipments of grain to the Soviet Union and for a Republican President to lift it; for a Democratic President to establish a system of registration of draft-age men and for a Republican President to be reluctant to use it; for a Democratic President to stand at the Berlin Wall and say, "*Ich bin ein Berliner*" and, as his response to the Polish crisis shows, for a Republican President to hang a ceremonial wreath in his White House window and say, in effect, "*Ich bin ein* Kansas wheat farmer."

Nevertheless: it was Jimmy Carter the Democrat who recognized most clearly the political (as well as the military) reasons for coming to some agreement with the Soviets on nuclear-arms limitation. (Who can forget that picture of him emerging from one negotiating session with his arms around Mr. Brezhnev and planting a kiss on his startled cheek?) Ronald Reagan, by contrast, promised to increase the defense budget, revived the B-1 bomber program, announced the intention of deploying the neutron bomb, proposed the stationing of land-based missiles in Europe and the MX in Wyoming, denounced SALT II, and, until prompted by events, appeared to be reluctant to engage in any negotiations with the Soviets. In the opinion of many, he is the principal cause of this sudden burgeoning of the new pacifism, in Western Europe as well as here at home.

The movement's most prominent spokesman appears to be Jonathan Schell. His book *The Fate of the Earth* has been more than adequately reviewed in these pages, but the implications of his arguments for peace deserve further scrutiny. Others have argued that man's fate on this earth is in jeopardy, and Schell is not the first person to conclude that a full-scale nuclear war would lead to the extinction of the human species, but he claims to be the first to have thought about the meaning of extinction. He thinks about it in (by rough count) some thirty thousand words, and his conclusion is that it would be awful, or appalling, or horrible, perhaps even (figuratively speaking, of course) unthinkable. "Death is only death," he finally pronounces in a stunning formulation, "but extinction is the death of death."

In order to survive, Schell says emphatically, the world must first disarm. "Unless we rid ourselves of our nuclear arsenals," he writes, "a holocaust not only *might* occur but *will* occur—if not today, then tomorrow; if not this year, then the next." He knows that no country is likely to deprive itself of its nuclear weapons if, by doing so, it puts itself in a situation in which it can be overwhelmed by an enemy's conventional forces. It follows that all countries must divest themselves of all weapons, conventional and nuclear alike, for "the present nuclear powers are hardly likely to throw away their conventional arms while non-nuclear powers hold on to theirs."

But how likely are the non-nuclear powers to throw away their arms? So long as they are independent, and see themselves threatened by countries that are also independent, they are only too likely not only to hold on to their arms but to increase the number of them. India, for one, spends more on arms proportionately than either of the two superpowers. Disarmament would thus seem to be impossible so long as the world consists of independent sovereign states, which must therefore be eliminated. Sovereignty "is now to the earth and mankind what a polluting factory is to its local environment."

In this way the argument comes back to the solution advanced by the United World Federalists and others at the dawn of the nuclear age. In the aftermath of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the argument for world government was held to be "simple and irrefutable." Let us see.

II.

The postwar pacifists of thirty-odd years ago—Albert Einstein, Bertrand Russell, Robert M. Hutchins, and others almost equally illustrious—began with the practical question of *how* to exchange a system of sovereign states for a world government, a United Nations with powers; unlike the new pacifists, they did not evade the question. They were concerned with at least the form of the world they would create. Yet none of them ever doubted that if only the means could be found the end would be an unmitigated blessing to mankind. It was on the basis of this assumption that the original one-world conferences were convened and the one-world constitutions drafted. The only debate in those conferences came on the subsidiary issues: Should the government be federal in form, and, if so, who or what would be represented? Should the parliament consist of one or two houses, and, if two houses, should each state have one vote in the second? Should it be a parliamentary system after the British model or one of separated powers, and, if the latter, how would the executive and the judiciary be chosen? Should there be universal suffrage, or some re-

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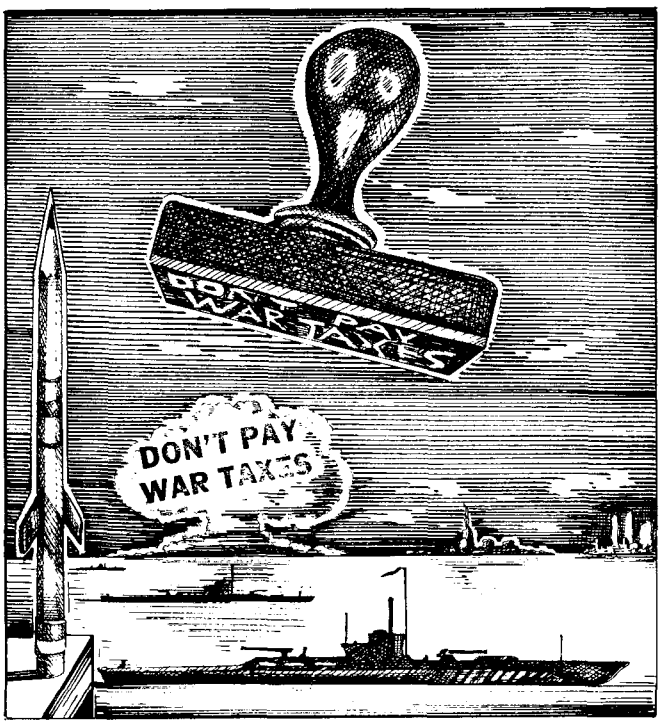
strictions based on age or literacy? What provisions should be included in the bill of rights? And so on. There was no disagreement as to whether the world should have a government; nor, as should be clear from the list of topics debated, was there disagreement as to the kind of government the world should have. It was to be a liberal democracy. What else?

Well, why not a dictatorship of the proletariat? It had its champions, if not in these constituting conventions, then out there in the world. Stalin, for one; Mao, for another. As for the presumed necessity to secure human rights, that, as Marx had argued in his *Critique of the Gotha Program*, was bourgeois nonsense. And why not a monarchy? Were there not kings and princes (or, in Persia, shahs) who ruled by the Grace of one God or another? And at least one remaining caudillo (in Spain) charged with an historic mission to defend Christianity against the Communists? And a panoply of mullahs, sheiks, muftis, colonels, Oriental despots, tribal chiefs, petty bandits, and just plain thugs?

The conferees spoke confidently of world peace through world law, and they meant the rule of law as taught in the law schools from which so many of them came—Harvard, Yale, and especially Chicago, where Hutchins and his one-world colleagues wrote their world constitution—but anyone with political responsibilities had to have asked whether this would be the rule of Soviet law or American law, British law or South African law. They had to have known that the rule of law is an empty phrase until the substance of that law is defined and someone is appointed to administer it. In short, the world then was in no mind to come to an agreement as to how it should be governed, and in the absence of such agreement there could be no world government—or, at least, no world government based on the freely given consent of the governed.

The United World Federalists had good reason to know as much. According to an account in the *Journal of Politics*, the Federalists were united on the need for a "global government able to enforce law (in the sense of 'domestic law') on individual violators," and united as well in the opinion that, "given a certain amount of good will and political education" (which, of course, they were ready to provide), such a global government was possible. They also agreed that the "only practicable form for such a world government was the federal form." Unfortunately, for them at least, they could not agree as to "how such a world federation was to be brought about, which of the present states should be founding members, and what powers should be constitutionally delegated to it." In the course of trying to resolve their differences on such secondary issues, the members became "enraged," accused each other of "political immaturity," and demanded that the charters of some affiliated groups be revoked. The upshot was a series of schisms that left the parent organization with only half its previous membership. *Setting out to unite the people of the entire world under a single government, they soon learned they could not even unite themselves.* For those members who reflected on it, this ought to have been a sobering experience.



The new pacifists make occasional references to the early champions of world government, but only to express deep regret that their pleas went unheeded. This they attribute to blindness or selfishness on the part of political office-holders who lulled the world into a thirty-year slumber with their unfounded assurances of peace through mutual deterrence. Now, at last, seeing themselves on the very brink of disaster, people will finally realize the necessity to "acquiesce in their own survival," as Hutchins and his colleagues used to say. Whether this acquiescence is forged out of a common fear or a mutual love—and it is in this connection that we encounter the references to Gandhi—is of little concern to the new pacifists. As Schell puts it, by fear or by love, what matters is that both paths "lead to the same destination." He and his fellow enthusiasts are probably right in this: both paths lead to a global tyranny.

III.

Tyrants have always appreciated the power of fear; they have always known that human beings can be forced to do all sorts of things out of fear, most of them terrible or despicable. They can be silenced, they can be made to grovel or debase themselves; they can be made to kill their neighbors and betray their friends; if George Orwell was right in *1984*, they can even be made to love that which they ought to hate. More to the point here, they can be subjected to monstrous political rule; General Jaruzelski is merely the latest in a long string of tyrants to demonstrate this. "As fear is the principle of despotic government," Montesquieu wrote, "its end is tranquillity; but this tranquillity cannot be called a peace: no, it is only the silence of those towns which the enemy is ready to invade." This was written some two hundred years ago in a world that knew nothing of nuclear fission, but technological advances can only enhance its relevance. Is it not still important to ask whether a world built solely on our fears will be a despotism, and even *more* important because its powers would extend far beyond a few silenced towns?

The government of this new and fear-ridden world would be charged with keeping the peace, and, at a time when hydrogen bombs can be designed by Princeton undergraduates, it would have to remain alert; the enemy ready to invade the towns might be armed with atomic weapons. The

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pacifists are mistaken in their easy assumption that world government will bring disarmament with it. That government would have to be armed. Moreover, it would have to see to it that no one else was armed—or, at a minimum, that no one else was strongly armed—and that no quondam sovereign state had retained its arms. The situation would demand verification, as we say today, and verification would require a police force authorized to search and seize at will. After all, the mycotoxins used today by the Soviets to make yellow rain—which, of course, they deny making—can be concocted in university laboratories, and Molotov cocktails can be manufactured in basements. Considering the extent of the territory to be kept under surveillance and the ease with which our deadly weapons can be concealed (the Berrigan brothers once talked of descending into subterranean Washington and blowing up the government's heating system), the government would have little choice but to employ a huge secret police force, probably modeled after the KGB. Its tasks, made "awesome" and "urgent" by the perils to be avoided, would be to prevent the manufacturing of weapons (nuclear, biological, and "conventional") and to ferret out potential manufacturers of these weapons—anyone of whom there was the *slightest* suspicion. This brave new world would have to be saturated with informers. After all, a snitch in time might save more than nine; it might save the world.

No one should harbor the illusion of a world in which political power would be in the hands of a World Parliament. Plans may call for a parliament, but, even were it to be established, it would quickly become the equivalent of the impotent Supreme Soviet. The real power would be in the hands of the secret police, or the army that is charged with keeping the peace, or the party in control of both.

And who would object to all this? Old-fashioned liberal democrats, of course, but there would be no room for a Committee for the Free World in this new and "safe" world, and no space for a Freedom House. The secret police would see to that; that would be its job, among other things. Besides, anyone who thinks the world today is teeming with lovers of liberal democracy and its institutions, or even that the world is moving in the direction of liberal democracy, has never spent any time at the United Nations.

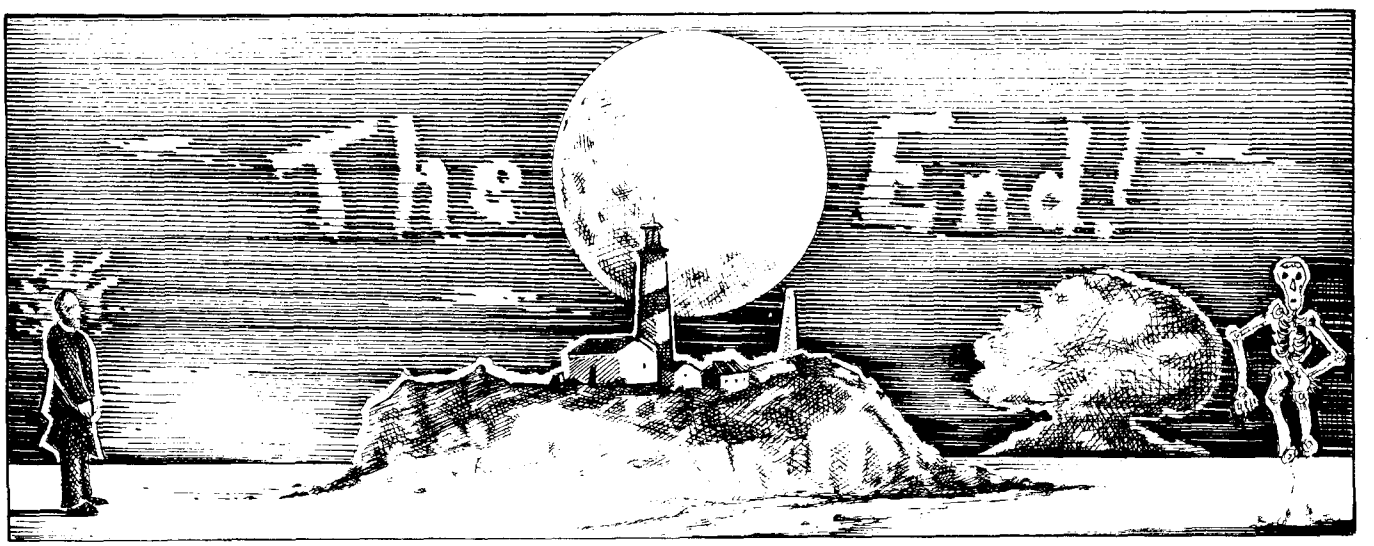
Except for the few and incredibly brave dissidents such as Andrei Sakharov and Vladimir Bukovsky (and in one world, where would they escape to and who would take up their cause?), we could not expect effective protest from the present citizens of the so-called people's republics. They would be unlikely to notice much, if any, change in the condition of their daily life, except, perhaps, some improvement in its material aspects. The new pacifists would not object, not so long as they held firm in their present views. They would not like it—the typical American would not like it—but anyone who believes that the death of the species is the worst of all fates would prefer universal despotism to our present situation, in which, according to the demonstrating pacifists, that death is inevitable.

So much, then, for this idea of a world government's deriving its powers solely from the fearfully given consent of the governed. It would almost certainly be, it would have to be, a tyranny of global proportions.

IV.

We are sometimes assured that the agreement to live under an unarmed global government could also be generated by love, the love we bear for other human beings. This argument, such as it is, begins with the familiar invocation of Gandhi's name and proceeds as follows: Just as Gandhi proved that millions of people could be converted to the way of nonviolence, so millions more can today be converted by the power of love to accept disarmament. The human capacity to love will in fact be enhanced because, having understood that extinction will mean the death of death, people will naturally reach out for and embrace the unborn generations. Once again, Jonathan Schell says it all: "Love, a spiritual energy that the human heart can pit against the physical energy released from the heart of matter, can create, cherish, and safeguard what extinction would destroy and shut up in nothingness."

This, as it turns out, is about all that is ever said on the subject of love as the basis of world government. Had some modern Gandhi wanted to pursue the argument into the realm of politics, he could have shown that people who love each other—unless, of course, they are consumed by jealousy—will tend to trust each other and, as a consequence of that trust, will have no cause to fear each other. This would be decisive, because freedom can flourish, and can only flourish, where men have nothing to fear. It follows that for the first time in modern history, the whole



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The final solution, so to speak, will take the form of the 'universal and homogeneous state' . . . It will differ from the Soviet Union in only one important respect: there will be no escape from it

of loving mankind would inhabit a house that is not divided; and a house that is not divided can stand on its own foundation: without despot, without police, without army, without arms, without even a constitutional right to bear arms. For, all sovereign nations having been consigned to the dustbin of history, against whom would anyone want to bear arms?

Meanwhile, back in our world, Britain wars with Argentina, South Africa with SWAPO, Israel with the PLO, Iraq (a Muslim state) with Iran (a Muslim state), Lebanese with Lebanese, Syrians with Syrians, North Yemen with South Yemen, Ethiopia with Somalia, Vietnam with the Cambodians (or some of them), Morocco with the Polisarios supported by Algeria, Nicaragua with its own Miskito Indians (and off and on with Honduras), and, if Colonel Qaddafi can have his way, Libya with Egypt or, for that matter, almost anyone else. The inventory, of course, is only partial, omitting, as it does, any mention of Soviet activities. Then there is Washington, where people living in sight of the Capitol are afraid to go out at night, and where at the Capitol itself Congress cannot muster the majority needed to enact a gun-control law.

Some dare to say that love will unite and disarm this world, but we cannot even disarm our own citizens. Nor can we or the United Nations unite and disarm the various parties now at war with each other. It is conceivable that the Israelis and Palestinians, for example, might reach an agreement permitting the two nations to live side by side, separate but equal, armed but at peace; but it is inconceivable that they might come together as one people in a United Israbia, not so long as they are Jews and (mostly) Muslims. And there is no prospect whatever that they will disarm themselves.

V.

To persuade or frighten us into abolishing the United States in favor of a United Nations with powers, the new pacifists point to what they insist will be the inevitable consequences of the nuclear-arms race. In their treatment of blast effects, ozone layers, and the like, they rely on scientific studies and informed judgments; but for their political prescriptions they rely on pious and sometimes maudlin exhortation. Instead of political analysis, they offer us a bit of new scripture that someone else might in time work up into a polished sermon. But a sermon is of no use to us here.

Christians, for example, have from their beginning been sermonized, exhorted, even commanded, first to love God—"with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength"—and then to love their neighbors *as* themselves. But experience suggests (if it does not in fact prove) that they are more likely to love their neighbors when their neighbors are *like* themselves: when they, too, are Christians and not Jews, Muslims, Buddhists, or, most significantly in this context, not a different persuasion of Christian. They pray "for all sorts and conditions of men"—it is a beautiful prayer—but they tend to love and trust only particular sorts of men. And as the Ayatollah Khomeini demonstrates almost daily, this characteristic is not peculiar to Christians. There is no question but that men can be inspired by the love of God to love their fellow men, but there is no reason to believe that they can be so inspired to love all their fellow men. Religious faith seems to unite men but to divide mankind.

In this respect, it resembles the other forms of love. Love expresses itself as a caring for what is one's own, as distinguished from (and often at the price of) what is someone else's. A parent will prefer his own children over others, which is why Plato, in order to build the perfectly just city, had to abolish families. The patriot will prefer his country over others, which is why the new pacifists would abolish countries. The believer will prefer his god over others, which is why the inventor of the new world would have to abolish the gods. He would have to abolish the many gods and, because men need something to love, replace them with one god.

There could, of course, be no separation of church and state under this new dispensation; the state that adopts a policy of indifference to church affairs soon finds itself faced with many churches and many gods, and, so long as the gods are taken seriously, with the same old problem. This means that the ruler of this new Holy World Empire must be head of state and church alike, political ruler and defender of the faith. He will be like a god—Orwell gave him (or it) the name of "Big Brother"—and, like the various gods he replaced, he will love his people and promise to give them what they need, in this case, the peace that will permit the species to be kept "biologically intact." Also like the older gods, he will be jealous and insist that no other gods be put before him. (This will now be a political as well as a theological necessity.) It is, in fact, a desire akin to the erotic that impels someone to want to govern other men, and, as one student of tyranny said, "Erotic desires crave reciprocity." Thus, even more than, say, Lyndon Johnson, and much more, the governor of the world will want to be loved in return; and unlike Lyndon Johnson he would be able to demand love of everyone and, what is more, enforce that demand.

Now, it might be objected that what I have written here is wholly visionary, concocted in total ignorance of prevailing political and theoretical conditions. In my defense, I would point out that it was not I who suggested that world government might be built on love's foundation, and that I have merely looked more closely at the possibility. Had I

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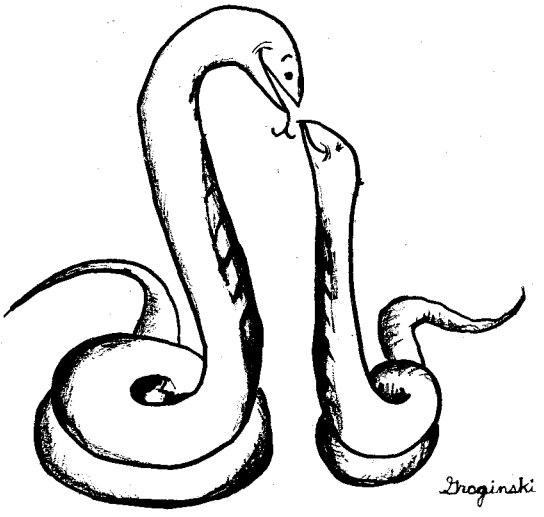

"I love your beady eyes, I love your scaly skin, I love your slimy body . . ."

Gandhi in the Afternoon

I went because I thought I should.
Friends said the film would do me good,
And so I went, and sat, and ate,
And thought, "The cast is underweight,"
And left to wash my hands (again),
And kicked the Coke machine, and then
It suddenly came over me:
The guy's a ringer for E.T.

W. H. VON DREELE

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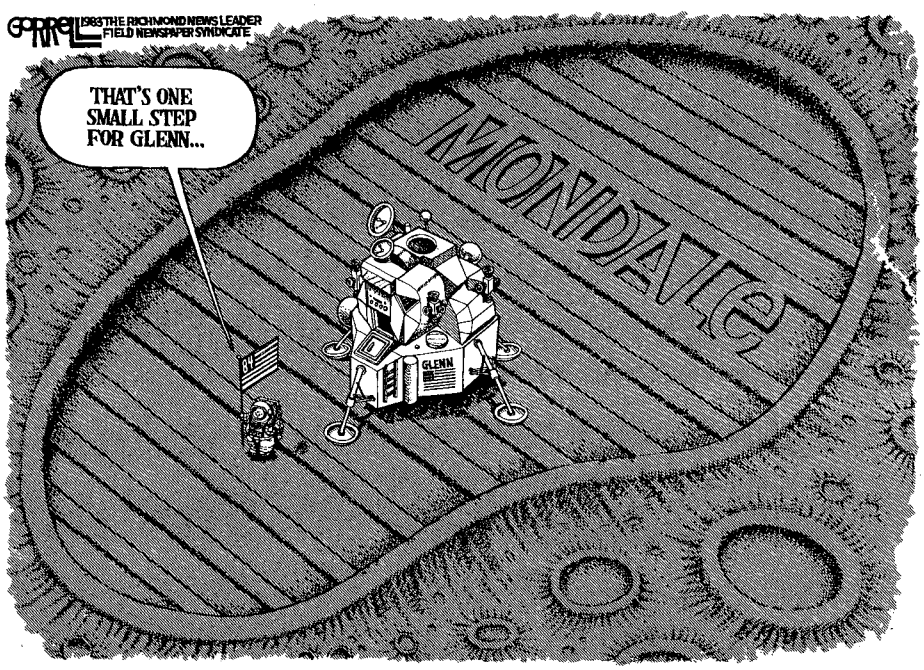

Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"I'm up to here with 'Welcome Home' parties."

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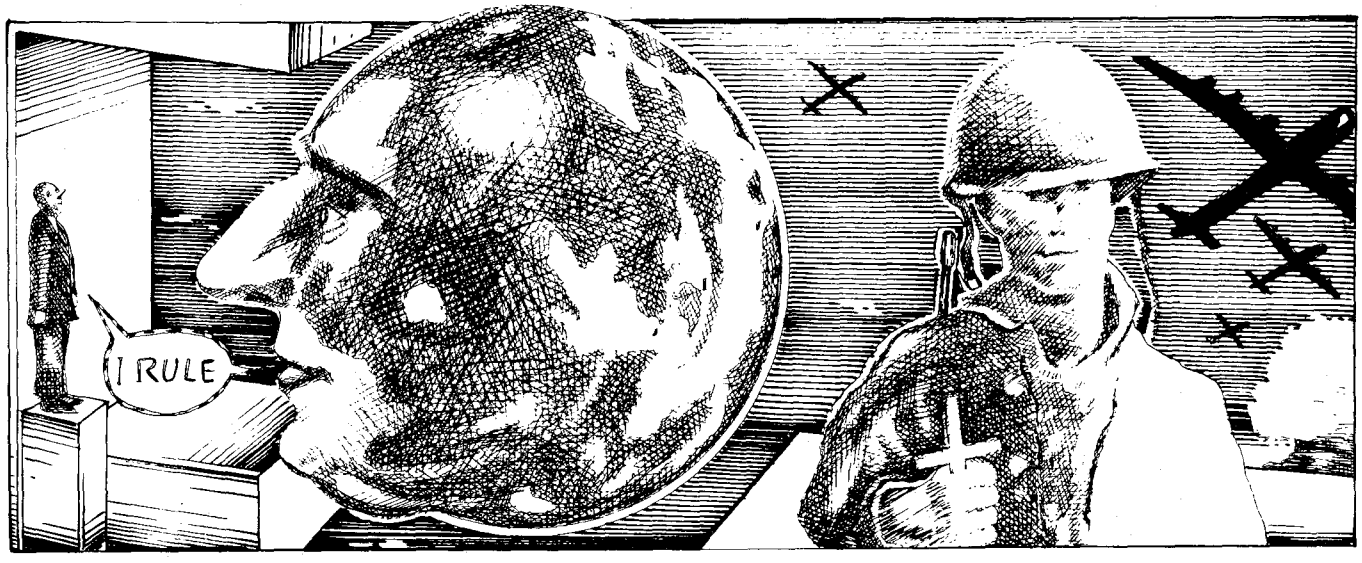
begun independently, I would have suggested that the universal tyrant will present himself not as a god to be loved but as a philosopher, or scientist, to be respected. There is in fact a powerful body of thought right now whose expositors assure us that the fundamental human problems are in the process of being solved by the dialectics of history. This final solution, so to speak, will take the form of the "universal and homogeneous state," expounded by Hegel with corrections added first by Marx and then by Stalin and his successors. It is wise to assume, I think, that this universal and homogeneous state will have to be ruled (the Marxists to the contrary notwithstanding), and that it will be ruled by the same "philosophers" who, through their understanding of the historical forces that will bring it into being, now rule at the penultimate stage of history in the USSR. These rulers present themselves in turn as the final philosophic authority, and, since their rule depends on it, they can permit no challenge to their doctrine from philosophers of a different school or, for that matter, from priests, novelists, literary critics, or even, as we know, from biologists. This universal and homogeneous state will differ from the Soviet Union in only one important respect: there will be no escape from it. Orwell understood that, too, which is why, when Winston Smith declares his love for Big Brother, the novel, like history, comes to an end.

VI.

The new pacifists, pointing to the prospect of calamity, can still insist that it is better to be red than dead, and, although Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov, and Bukovsky might disagree, this argument cannot be dismissed out of hand. Yet there is reason to wonder whether the argument is not usually combined with, or is not dependent on, the hope, or even the expectation, that we would not be red forever, or that, somehow, we can escape into a better world. For example, Schell assures us that "not even the most thoroughgoing totalitarian regimes have succeeded in wholly shaping the lives of their peoples." But the example he provides is that of Solzhenitsyn, whose soul was formed in an earlier Russia and who now lives in Vermont. And we know from the dissidents themselves that they are sustained not only by the expressions of support they receive from the West but also by the existence of the West. In one way or another, the fact that there remains a world outside the Soviet Union—a world with prisoners to exchange, grain to sell, technology to transfer, and opinions still to be formed or influenced—causes the Soviets to moderate their treatment of the dissidents, if only occasionally, and then only slightly. Anyone who harbors such hopes or expectations is obliged to imagine what would happen when the West disappears or is absorbed by the universal homogeneous state; he is obliged to wonder whether he is not, in fact, harboring illusions. Most of all, he is obliged to consider modern science and the powers it puts into a ruler's hands. Designed originally to provide the means by which man's estate on this earth might be relieved, it can serve at least as well as the means by which he can be enslaved.

It is also not irrelevant to point out that, so far, we—at least, we here—are neither red nor dead; and that there are reputable studies that conclude that even a full-scale nuclear war would not cause the extinction of human life; and, more important, that there is no *necessity* of a nuclear war (the example of the non-use of poison gas in World War II is sufficient to show that); and that, so long as the liberal democracies of the West remain strong, there is good reason to hope and some evidence leading one to believe that there will not be a full-scale nuclear war. In short, contrary to what the pacifists are saying, what might be need not be.

Finally, as we compare our life in this country—giving due weight to all its imperfections—with that of citizens or subjects of the Soviet Union, Poland, Iran, Libya, or, for that matter, of almost any of the countries not touched by the principles of constitutional democracy, are we not obliged to wonder whether they speak for us who say that nothing takes precedence over staying alive? That was not the view of "our fathers" who founded this country or of the "sons" who, at places like Gettysburg, fought and died. Do we now regard them as fools? They, like the others, who avoided the battle, are long since dead, as dead as if they had been killed in a nuclear war, but it was they, and not the others, whom Lincoln asked us to remember—and whom we do remember, and whom we can honor only by dedicating ourselves to the cause for which they gave their lives. The new pacifism can only teach us about risks, but life without risk is inconceivable, and the risks we take to preserve an honorable way of life are both necessary and noble. □



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FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

A Papal Audience

CORNEL H. PETRASSEVICH

I KNELT AND took the outstretched hand adorned with the Ring of the Fisherman. I bowed and kissed the ring. The first words Pope Paul VI spoke to me were: "Tell me what happened to the Rumanian Byzantine Rite Church and tell me what happened to Archbishop Russu." After years of turmoil, pain, and almost unbearable personal loss, my journey was finally over.

The events leading to this papal audience began in August 1944 when my native Rumania was invaded by Soviet troops. The occupying Soviets started methodically eliminating all religious activity in Rumania. On a single night in October 1948 all six bishops of the Rumanian Byzantine Rite Catholic Church were arrested, as well as many priests and all the monks and nuns. Some of the nuns were raped, all were beaten. In silence and prayer they awaited the unknown. Before the year was out, all church activities were forbidden and all church groups disbanded.

A second Soviet move, which was to affect me more directly, was a crackdown on Rumanian citizens who had contacts with Westerners. I was a physician working for the YMCA in Bucharest and, as such, a friend of a number of British and American officers. On December 10, 1948 I was arrested. No formal charges were brought against me for two years. I was questioned, tortured, starved, and kept in an underground prison. Finally, in 1950, I was tried and sentenced to life in prison for "high treason."

During the first few years I was moved from prison to prison. But each prison was basically the same. The cells either were windowless or had windows that were blocked by nailed boards. A single bulb was all the light I had. It burned night and day. My captors took delight in telling me no one could save me. One guard mocked the prayers some of us said when we were being tortured. Not even Jesus Christ Himself, he told us, could save us. We were alone, abandoned.

Many of my fellow prisoners asked to be shot, but the response from the guards was always the same: We were to die, but not at a time of our choosing. We would die slowly, with as much suffering as possible.

Never during those years did we see or hear from or about our relatives. Were they alive or dead? We did not know. There were no books or newspapers, no contact with the living world. And we had nothing, absolutely nothing of meaning or importance to do.

If a prisoner dared to protest or to break any known—or unknown—rule of prison life, he was beaten and thrown into a damp, dark cell for days. Once I was so punished for praying. Another time, I was caught sewing a miserable rag shirt. For this infraction they kept me in a dungeon for five days and nights, chained to a heavy iron ring.

WE WERE a varied group. There were political prisoners, like me, and also clergymen, mostly of the Byzantine Rite Catholic Church. The only difference between the political prisoners and the clerical prisoners was that the latter could have left at any time by signing an agreement not to protest the atheistic Communist regime. No one I knew ever left prison this way.

For a while I shared a cell with the Most Reverend Dr. Alexander Russu, one of the strongest of Rumania's spiritual leaders. Despite his age (he was 82) and the danger if he were caught, Archbishop Russu said Mass every morning at the request of the other prisoners. This was one of the few hopeful, peaceful events in our otherwise nightmarish life. But the day came when the archbishop could not rise from his bed. That day he called me to his side and we had what was to be our last talk. He told me, "Listen, my son, you *will* survive this prison. Not only will you survive, but you will succeed in leaving the country. You will go to America. But before you go to America, you must go to Italy and talk to the Pope."

I must have looked startled because he added: "Don't be alarmed at what I tell you. The Pope will receive you. You are to tell him about what has happened to our church and how Christianity has flourished in suffering and deprivation even more than in opulence and plenty. Tell the Holy Father how we suffered and died for God, the Pope, and for the small nation of Rumania."

As he spoke, I could hardly keep from smiling because it seemed inconceivable that I would ever be freed. To comfort a dying man, however, I promised to do as he said.

He continued: "You have a star of life on your forehead. This star will take you where you have to go. Tell them what you have witnessed and ask them to keep the faith." Then he blessed me.

Presently, the guards came and took him away to the dimly lit "infirmary." There, he and another man, a young priest who unexpectedly survived, were left alone to await their deaths.

On May 23, 1963, the archbishop died. The young priest later told us that for a while after Archbishop Russu arrived in the room, they prayed aloud together. Then the archbishop fell silent. Within minutes, the old priest closed his eyes and was gone.

After the archbishop had been removed from our cell, we made a small candle from tiny pieces of cotton and grease that we had salvaged from the meager food we were given. We lit the candle and chanted prayers for the dying man. When we learned of his death, we wept for this Christian martyr.

Later, alone on my iron cot, I swore someday to fulfill the archbishop's request. In the hours that followed, I allowed myself to dream for the first time in years. But after 15 years of suffering and watching those around me die, there was little reality to that dream. Reality had narrowed to this: waiting to see which of my fellow prisoners would be dead in the morning so that I could share in his miserable ration of barley and the few tattered rags on his body.

A year later, in 1964, President Lyndon Johnson's request—about which we

Dr. Petrassevich, recently retired from the U.S. Public Health Services, is an active member of the American Medical Association, the Uniformed Services Academy of Family Physicians, and the American Academy of Physicians. He now lives in Philadelphia, Miss.

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knew nothing—for the release of political prisoners in Rumania was granted. I was free to return to my family for the first time in 16 years. I found that my wife, believing that I was dead, had remarried. My only brother had been imprisoned and had died shortly afterward; my father, the former mayor of Lugoj, had been imprisoned for several years but had survived. All my property had been confiscated and my family was impoverished.

On my release, I asked for a visa to leave Rumania; not only was it refused, but I was forced, under threat of reimprisonment, to sign an agreement that I would never again ask to leave the country. To resume the practice of medicine I had to qualify all over again, which meant taking the medical exams a second time at the age of 47, after being out of touch with medical practice for 16 years. The problems of living in Rumania were unending, but the dream of leaving seemed unattainable.

In March 1969, a relative in the United States asked President Nixon to help me. After many interventions by the White House and the U.S. Embassy in Bucharest, I was finally given a passport. On November 3, 1969 I left my native Rumania as Archbishop Russu had predicted. I reached Rome on November 13 and was met by Father Faltini of the Catholic University of Rome, who had instructions to take me to the Vatican Secretariat. And this was as far as I hoped to get. I believed that by telling Secretariat officials about the plight of Rumanian Catholics I was fulfilling my promise to Archbishop Russu. Knowing the grueling schedule of the Pope, I didn't dare ask for a papal audience.

At the Secretariat, I was introduced to Monsignor Pamfil Carnatio. This pious man was also a scholar of Eastern European history. He listened as I recounted the tragic events that led to the abolition of the Rumanian Byzantine Rite Catholic Church and the martyrdom of so many of its laymen, priests, and nuns.

On the night of November 15, a Vatican messenger informed me that the Holy Father, without my asking for it, had granted me an audience for the following day at noon. I worried about how I would ever concentrate all that I wanted to say into the five minutes allowed for a papal audience. I wanted my presentation to do justice to my church, to my countrymen, and, above all, to Archbishop Russu. I tried to remember all the promises I had made and to list them in order of priority. Finally, I tried to commit them to memory. The only thing I didn't have to worry about was how to dress for the audience, since I had only one suit and one white shirt. I washed the shirt and borrowed an iron to press my clothes.

The following morning, with my assigned companion, a Vatican priest, I was shown to a seat in St. Peter's Basilica. My blue suit stood out in sharp contrast to the robes of the nuns, and the black suits and black dresses of the lay people. Pope Paul VI was borne in, carried on his throne by the Swiss Guards. With the Pope in attendance, in a scene of opulent splendor, a Mass was celebrated, a Mass not too unlike the simple celebrations that Archbishop Russu had conducted in our prison cells. This was a fitting tribute to my friend.

After Mass I was escorted to a large room to await my audience. I felt awed by the beauty around me as I stood holding a hand-carved cross and spoon, gifts for the Pope, made by my wife's new husband, a renowned sculptor. After some time, a Canadian cardinal approached and asked in what language I would speak to the Holy Father. I responded that I felt more comfortable in French, and he assured me that the Holy Father spoke French. He reminded me that I could take only five minutes.

I was led through a heavily curtained door into a room adorned with Renaissance paintings. The Holy Father sat in a large gilt armchair, flanked by two priests. As I approached him it was all I could do to choke back my tears. Pope Paul VI stretched out his hand. It was time to keep my promise.

I began to speak as quickly and concisely as possible. I told Pope Paul not only of the archbishop's will, but also of requests by formerly prominent Rumanians, many of whom belonged to the destroyed church. Their main request was that the Holy Father *not* yield to the pressure of Communism and *not* make concessions to the Communists. I told the Pope that my people preferred war to spiritual slavery. When I realized that my time was almost up, I indicated that I would leave. The Pope looked at me and said: "Please continue. I understand you and your people very well. The Christians in your country and people everywhere are in my heart, and prayers. Do not forget that I am a priest. I must pray for everyone, everywhere. That is my only weapon!"

Standing before the Pope in the splendor of the Vatican, I felt that I was the executor of a testament for so many martyrs who had believed in their fundamental human right of freedom. When it came time for me to leave, I knelt again and kissed the Holy Father's ring. As I rose I handed him the hand-carved cross and spoon, telling him that they were symbols of my people. He took them and commented that they had great artistic value. (I learned later that he had had them placed in his own room.) My long awaited audience was over. It had lasted 13 minutes.

Now, many years after that audience and even more years after prison, I am safe and secure in the United States. Here it is hard to believe that people in other parts of the world are actually called on to test their faith in God or to display the same courage as the early martyrs. I know, however, of priests and political leaders in one small country in Eastern Europe who were willing to suffer and to die because they believed in their church and in the right to be free. When I asked one priest why he remained in prison rather than sign a piece of paper, he replied that if he left prison under the proffered terms, he would have failed the only test he had been given by God. I was given the rare privilege of knowing and living with men such as these and of remaining alive so that I might bear witness to their silent martyrdom.

POSTSCRIPT: On December 1, 1982, Pope John Paul II named Father Louis Puscas, pastor of St. George's Church in Aurora, Ill., bishop of all Rumanian Catholics of the Byzantine Rite in America. Bishop-designate Puscas will be consecrated June 26 at the Church of St. John the Baptist in Detroit. The appointment has a special significance for all Rumanian Catholics, not only because it will mark the first time that a bishop has had authority over all of America's Rumanian Byzantine Rite Catholics, but also because of the date it took place. It was on December 1, 1948 that Rumania's Communist rulers abolished the Rumanian Church of the Byzantine Rite. □

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Farewell to Kreisky

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Several weeks before the recent Austrian elections, Chancellor Bruno Kreisky gave his countrymen an ultimatum: if his ruling Socialist Party lost its absolute majority, he would resign the chancellorship. On April 24 Austrians went to the polls, and 47.8 per cent of them voted for the Socialist Party. Kreisky, as good as his word, resigned immediately thereafter, bringing to an end a reign that began in 1970.

Though Kreisky called the vote a defeat, it must be remembered that his party remains the largest one in the Austrian parliament. It has ninety seats out of 183, only five fewer than it had before the election; however, the loss was enough to deny the Socialists the majority they had enjoyed since 1971. The right-of-center People's Party gained four seats, bringing its total to 81, and the Liberal Party (liberal in the classical sense) gained one seat, bringing its total to 12; but neither of these can really claim credit for Kreisky's "defeat." That should probably go to two environmentalist parties—one of the Right, the other of the Left—which together got 3.6 per cent of the vote.

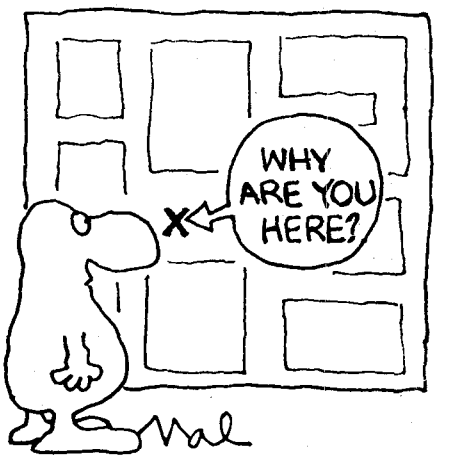
Kreisky, had he not resigned, faced two equally unpleasant choices: he could have headed a minority government; or he could have formed a coalition with either the People's Party or the Liberal Party. In his 13 years as chancellor, a longer reign than any other current or recent Western leader, Kreisky was only briefly (in 1970) head of a minority government and never had to share power.

Fred Sinowatz, who was vice chancellor in the Kreisky cabinet, will probably become chancellor. Sinowatz, a 54-year-old Croatian from eastern Austria, is now negotiating with leaders of the Liberal Party on the composition of a coalition government. Kreisky, however, won't disappear from the country's political scene. He will remain the leader of the Socialist Party, just as his good friend and fellow member of the Socialist International, Willy Brandt, remains head of West Germany's Social Democrats.

A non-Austrian might find it baffling that the Socialists have such a strong and enduring hold on the Austrian people. For many, Austrians as well as non-Austrians, the country is synonymous with the Habsburgs, the Catholic Church, the Baroque style, picturesque villages, Mozart, the Vienna Opera. How could this country of coffee with whipped cream be socialist?

Socialism, first of all, is a false but clear idea that can be explained to anybody within minutes, whereas the free-market system cannot. Also, socialists advocate the provider state, which means they offer something for nothing, a wise policy for any party whose goal is to be elected and re-elected. Our children and grandchildren will of course have to pay when these IOUs come due, but what does the average politician care—he won't be around.

In addition to these general reasons, which apply throughout the world, there are reasons that apply specifically to Austria. The first is the radical break with the past that occurred in 1918. A mere fragment of the Austro-Hungarian Empire survived under the name of German Austria and then, upon orders of the Allied powers, was forced to change its name to the Republic of Austria. "Where's Austria?" Clemenceau was asked in 1919. "Austria? That's what's left." A small left-over nation bereft of its most ancient parts. Along with the loss of its territory, there was also the loss of its traditions: the coat of arms, the dynasty, the nobility, the flag, the national anthem, the access to the sea, the navy, the fellow citizens of other languages and cultures—all were gone. The Austrians were facing a blank. How would a citizen of Illinois feel if, waking up one morning, he found that America suddenly consisted of Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin, and the national anthem was now the "*Marseillaise*"?



All of Austria's history denies its present state. The Socialists reject this past while at the same time trying to exploit it. During the 1979 election campaign, the Socialists used a photo of Chancellor Kreisky at his desk under a huge portrait of Emperor Franz Josef. Imagine, if you will, a portrait of George III over President Reagan's desk.

There is another factor favoring the Socialists: envy, which has dominated the political scene since 1789. With the radical diminution of Austria in 1919 and the ensuing shrinkage of all horizons, envy began to thrive and does so to this day. Hence the country's nickname: *die Republik der Neidgenossen.* This is a brilliant but unfortunately untranslatable pun. Switzerland is called the "state of comrades united by oath," *Eidgenossen. Eid* means oath; by adding an *N* in front, it becomes *Neid*: envy. Hence the "republic of comrades united by envy."

One might also ask, however, why the right-wing People's Party isn't making a better show. The reason is simple: lack of courage. The party's predecessor, the Christian Social Party, was a great deal more outspoken in its aims. It was unashamedly Catholic and had an ideology as well as outstanding leaders of character and experience. But the People's Party is neither traditionalist, nor conservative, nor clerical, nor genuinely liberal in the classical sense. It is little more than an alternative to the Socialist Party, which, whatever else might be said about it, at least has an ideology, a much-watered-down Marxism.

As in other parts of Europe, the changes in this corner of the Old World are relatively minor. But some day, and probably in the not so remote future, the calm will break. □

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D. KEITH MANO

Author on High Simmer

C. H. SIMONDS

CHUCKED *everything and moved to Alaska . . . heard he joined the Moonies . . . no, Mme. Gauguin, the money's all there, but . . . Saul, what's* with *you?*

Going through changes is fun, but it can be hell on the others, the folks who set their clocks by you, even the temporary friends: the gee-was-it-really-'77 types. Word gets out; perhaps you let it out—"I'm a *new man*—how about lunch Tuesday?" Trepidation: How come *he's* new? *I'm* not new, and I'm good enough for me. Hah! Bet he's forgotten Albany that time, and them two babes at Sweeney's. Shucks, Mabel, here I am still punchin' the clock at Standard Flange, and he's ridin' around town in a platinum rickshaw. Lunch, hell—I'll clean his clock for him, you watch!

Imagine, then, one's relief when he breezes into the just-off-Broadway steakhouse: no ear jewelry, no parrot on the shoulder, no blurry tracts thrust at one. The same blue blazer with voracious white turtleneck; same mellow baritone, a bit theatrical; same Jovian guffaw; same Keith Mano—older, perhaps a little wiser, but still madly merry, on high simmer.

First thing, he's back in town, after several years in thither Rockland County—"Your typical orthodontist's house," he used to say grandly, ushering in the guest; later there would be the obligatory tour of the acreage, whereon throve burdock, sagwort, ragweed, thorn, and dust. One sensed then that his heart wasn't in the country; now he admits it: "I was allergic to *everything*." He prefers Central Park West: "I have a much better view of trees now than I had up there."

"Coming back to the city was wonderful," he crows. "I got such an energy shot from it. Now when I'm up there, when I go through a shopping mall, everybody's, moving, so, slow-ly, looking at sod-builders. 'That's, interesting, they, got, new, wallboard, here.' "

He was born in New York, in middle-middle-class Inwood at the northern end of Manhattan, early in 1942. Several years as a child prodigy at Hunter College's predictably progressive lab school nearly did him in; he claims he learned nothing, and spent most of his time taking IQ tests for people seeking to improve the form. "I came out a philistine, unable to do long division in the sixth grade, and not interested in it." He flunked the entrance exam for Fieldston (lucky—it would have meant six more years of progressivism) by misspelling his middle name ("You do that with *atheist*, too," his wife needles), but Trinity, one of Manhattan's bluest-chip schools, took a chance on him.

"It was an intense educational experience," he recalls. "There must have been a teacher for every six kids. I don't think I've ever come across a group of children like that since." Academic rigor worked its magic: he learned English (via Latin), edited the paper, and graduated in the top quarter of a bright, bright class.

Columbia must have been a letdown; Mano volunteers little about those years, other than that he studied English under Jeffrey Hart, "who turned me from an apolitical person with undeveloped conservative instincts, into a conservative." A Kellert scholarship sent him to Cambridge for two years; he quit after one, "because I was doing a thesis on Dr. Johnson's scrofula, how it affected his early poetry. It's too large a subject! I had to decide whether to do it above the navel, or below the navel [Mano loves to fantasticate], and I suddenly said, No, I want to write." He had begun *Bishop's Progress*; he was also acting, doing Shakespeare with touring companies in England and on the Continent.

He came back. "I had a Woodrow Wilson fellowship kicking around, and I convinced the Woodrow Wilson people to let me pick it up at Columbia. They don't usually let you do that, they make you go to some other school. I worked on it for a few months, and then got a job with the National Shakespeare Company, and toured around doing *As You Like It* and *Macbeth*. I wrote a letter to Woodrow Wilson and said, 'I'm leaving academia for the real world.' They wrote back and said, 'We're the real world, you owe us fifteen hundred dollars.' "

Keeping in Touch

While Mano was playing Touchstone in Tampa, his father died and he returned to run the family's cement factory. Almost as much has been made of that cement factory as of Dickens's blacking factory; in some circles, it is viewed Tom Wolfe-ishly: "*Cement!* In Long! Island!! City!!!" X-Pando is simply dismal-looking stuff that, unlike other cements, does not shrink as it dries; this makes it handy for plumbers, steamfitters, space-shuttle designers, folk like that. "It's a defense priority item," Mano says proudly. His father happened on the formula: "It would have made an *Amos 'n' Andy* episode—a spoonful of this, a mouthful of that, he just threw it together, and it never fails.

"It's not that I get a whole lot of money from it, but I get my gas, I get a company car, I take a pencil now and then. And it keeps me in touch with people, with the economy. It's very relaxing, much nicer than writing."

All this time, through the mid-Sixties, *Bishop's Progress* was under way. "I was kind of easy about it," Mano re-

Mr. Simonds, a former NR *editor, teaches at the Indian Mountain School in Lakeville, Conn.*

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calls, "thinking it would be a first workmanlike attempt, I'd have to do three or four more and then I'd get one published." It didn't turn out that way. "It didn't make me much money, but it was such an enormous *succès d'estime*—I don't think it got one bad review. *Time*'s Best First Novel, Ten Best of the Year—it was just so *easy*. By the time it came out in 1968, I had already written another, and I fell into a pattern of writing each novel on the advance of the one before."

Magazine Writing

The books marched forth, one a year, until 1972, when *The Bridge* appeared; then, nothing, Fate having slipped Mano the inspiration for a novel that took him nine years to write. Meanwhile, with mouths to feed, he turned increasingly to magazine journalism—first "The Gimlet Eye" for *NR*, then elsewhere: *Esquire*, *Sports Illustrated*, and, increasingly, the men's magazines. *Playboy* has been a steady customer; for several years he wrote regularly for *Oui*, another Hefner product since sold off to raise cash.

"I was film critic for *Oui* from their second issue onward, for five or six years. Then they switched me to sports—the lead time is so long, I was writing the baseball predictions on Christmas Eve—and then I got a regular column as God, which I rather enjoyed—I was allowed to write in a slightly Yiddish accent, about what I would do if I were God, how I'd change the world this way or that way. After that—which is a pretty tough act to follow—we parted ways amicably."

Mano finds no inconsistency in a Christian conservative writing for magazines like *Playboy*: "I feel I write for the two most important magazines in America. I think NATIONAL REVIEW has had more to do with creating the political scene than any magazine of its size in this century; and *Playboy* is the best literary magazine in America, the only literary magazine big enough and with room enough to allow you to take chances. And why not have a conservative behind the lines, trying to give a balanced view of sexual matters from a Christian conservative standpoint, rather than leave it all to Gay Talese?"

Mano's "balanced view" sometimes disequilibrates others. He is unflappable (not, however, unshockable: "I've found something that *genuinely offends* me," he announced over the phone several years ago. "I'm sending it to you in a plain brown wrapper." Next day a copy of a kiddie-porn magazine called *Little Nudists* arrived; shocked me, too, and I threw it out—I wonder, now, if it was the issue with Brooke Shields). He is, for instance, balanced on the subject of Ugly George, a star of Manhattan cable TV who prowls the streets with his video camera, asking women to undress for him—in alleyways, in underpopulated lobbies, anywhere. Mano tagged along, researching a *Playboy* article:

"You've got to admit he's done something new with sex," he says now. "It's the first *real* sex . . . every other sexual media device is fantasy, is it not? With George, it's real: Is he gonna make this girl? And she's an ordinary girl—she's a secretary, she could be your sister or your daughter—she could be your mother, if it's a cold day." Yes, George is a dreary specimen, *but* . . . Fantasticating again, Mano reveals George's plan: the Ugly Broadcasting System, with a secret station somewhere in Jersey, "nude news, nude sports, nude cerebral-palsy children!"

A New Can of People

Mano's first marriage dwindled in the mid-Seventies; in 1980, he married the actress Laurie Kennedy, a woman of surpassing (why do we permit words to become debased?) charm and gentle wit. He claims they met on a transcontinental flight, he being bound for the Coast to research an article on rubber novelties, and were engaged over Phoenix. However it may actually have happened, they are nicely matched and continually delighted with each other.

"My whole life has changed since I remarried," Mano says. "Writers are very *boring* people, and they're always looking at each other to see if one is getting ahead of another. Laurie has opened up a brilliant can of people for me, all her theater friends. When I go to a party with them, I don't have to say anything intelligent. I had always wanted to act, and I thought I was good. Laurie tells me I'm not—she won't even let me cue her, except for the last word. But just to enjoy vicariously the ups and downs of her career—even the downs are interesting, it seems to me—is much more real than the writing syndrome, this sitting alone in the room. . . .

"A writer and an actress together is a very good combination," he decides. "You can be private as a writer; Laurie tries very hard to be private as an actress. Sometimes I think it hurts her, because so much of the business depends on being in"—he glances around the hectic restaurant—"places like this. Our ideal is to sit home and read Victorian novels to each other, with a bunch of cats."

Along with the other changes, Mano has jumped ship theologically. For many years, he worked and worshipped as a traditionalist Episcopalian. He was chairman of the board of his mission church and served as Bishop Paul Moore's deputy, regulating the finances of upstate churches in the New York diocese. "I tried my best to hold out against the forces of progress, which are particularly strong in the New York diocese, always have been. My own mission church chose to accept the new liturgy, get rid of the Book of Common Prayer, and they went along with many things that I could not—the ordination of women, of lesbian women . . . It was at about this time that I wrote several columns in opposition to Bishop Moore's positions. We had a falling out, where previously he had been cordial enough, or patronizing enough, to acknowledge our differences.

"I couldn't make the move to Catholicism, read Newman as much as I did. There had been coming to my cement factory a priest of the American Orthodox Church. He'd come, and we'd chat, and I'd give him ten dollars. He came by one day and I said, 'Never mind the ten bucks, tell me what it is.' Well, it's the place, really, where every Episcopalian should go."

The AOC is an offshoot of the Russian Orthodox Synod of Bishops Outside of Russia—that is, the Bishops who were thrown out by Lenin. (There is also the Orthodox Church in America, which was here all along.) Mano loves it. "There's no infallibility involved; your priesthood is married. You're never going to run into a sermon on dialogue between Christianity and Marxism—the sense is much more healthy about the political world. Also, the atmosphere of the church is marvelously free: we're dealing with a liturgy that hasn't changed since the last Council. They aren't worried about the next colloquial edition, which is a great relief to me.

(Continues on page 641)

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FROM THE ACADEMY

The Rediscovery of Creation

RUSSELL KIRK

ALL DIFFERENCES of opinion, said Cardinal Manning, are theological at bottom. So it is with the present hot controversy, in public schools and elsewhere, about—of all things in creation—Creation.

A federal court found unconstitutional an Arkansas statute requiring that "creationism" be taught in all public schools. Hearing confusedly of this decision, a member of Michigan's state Board of Education declared that it was unconstitutional to teach creationism in any school. Indeed, certain educationists and ACLU types actually press for legislation to forbid in public schools the presenting of the biblical account of the origin of the cosmos and of mankind.

On either side of the present Creation controversies are ardent and unyielding partisans. Fundamentalist Christians of the more thoroughgoing breed maintain that the account in Genesis must be taken literally in every detail, and they swear by Archbishop Usher's calendar. Dogmatic "evolutionists" of the normal-college stamp hold, in effect, that wisdom began and ended with Charles Darwin, and that the evolution of species, nature red in tooth and claw, and all that, must be taught as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, immutable.

Neither of these factions seems aware of twentieth century developments in the natural sciences: they thump each other with nineteenth century arguments. It is particularly interesting to observe high-school and college teachers of biology, champions of 100 per cent Darwinism, who appear to be totally uninformed about the huge increase in our knowledge of mutations, say, since 1859. Ignorant armies clash by night. There comes to my mind a paragraph from Arthur Koestler's book *The Roots of Coincidence*:

> We have heard a whole chorus of Nobel laureates in physics informing us that matter is dead, causality is dead, determinism is dead. If that is so, let us give them a decent burial, with a requiem of electronic music. It is time for us to draw the lessons from twentieth century post-mechanistic science, and to get out of the straitjacket which nineteenth century materialism imposed on our philosophical outlook. Paradoxically, had that outlook kept abreast with modern science itself, instead of lagging a century behind it, we would have been liberated from that straitjacket long ago.

Amen to that. Most people in our century who think of themselves as educated have been brought up on the vulgarized scientism of H. G. Wells, for example. The cosmos was brought into existence, they fancy, merely by accident and coincidence, something coming from nothing. The physical environment necessary for human life, they have been instructed, also is fortuitous only. As for *Homo sapiens*, that creature is taken to be a naked ape, simply the result of stimulus and response and survival of the fittest. Having decided a good while ago that men and women do not have souls, the more adventurous votaries of scientism now question whether men and women possess minds, actually.

TO THESE teachings of materialism and mechanism, religious fundamentalists respond with unblemished fideism: stick to the Scriptures and ignore science. This is an ostrich defense. To these same teachings, the votaries of an ossified scientism give their last full measure of doglike devotion: a devotion literally canine, because unreasoning and mordant.

Well, to practical men and women in this workaday world, do these questions of the origin of the universe, the earth's environment, and mankind make any real difference? Cannot such abstract disputations be resigned to preachers and professors?

No, they cannot. For upon the questions about origins depend the answers to the questions of whether life is worth living—and how life is to be lived. John Adams saw that: "Is there a possibility that the government of nations may fall into the hands of men who teach the most disconsolate of all creeds, that men are but fireflies, and that this *all* is without a father?" he wrote. Rather than such enlightenment, "Give us again the gods of the Greeks."

For the bent condition of human existence in these closing decades of the twentieth century is an affliction resulting principally from the decay of belief in an ordered universe and in a purpose for human existence. Ever since Voltaire (who mentioned Christianity merely once in his *Universal History*) a disheartening nihilism has settled upon mankind. Ultimate questions have gone unanswered—or answered only by the negations of scientism. Therefore things fall apart, the center cannot hold. The origin of all human cultures in the quest for the transcendent, and the necessity to all cultures of principles of cosmological and human order, have been made sufficiently clear by such recent historians as Christopher Dawson, Eric Voegelin, Arnold Toynbee, and John Lukacs.

In the circumstances of today's universal and compulsory schooling (well, quasi-schooling), simple fideism cannot suffice for resisting the nihilism brought upon us by mechanism and materialism: it will not do to ignore the corpus of modern science. Nor can it suffice for us to stumble along guided by the corpse-candlelight of nineteenth century scientism: that way lies ruin. Where to turn?

Turn to teleological science. Turn, for instance, to the recent writings of a major historian of science, Dr. Stanley L. Jaki, a Hungarian-born priest. The most famous of his books is *The Road of Science and the Ways to God* (University of Chicago Press, 1978), consisting of his Gifford Lectures at St. Andrews University. His most recent work is *Cosmos and Creator*, first published at Edinburgh, and now available as a Gateway paperback (Regnery/Gateway, 1982; $8.95).

Father Jaki, no popularizer of science, disdains facile endeavors to gloss over the differences between religion and yesteryear's science. He meets ultimate questions squarely, in the light of recent scientific discovery and specula-

(Continues on page 640)

Mr. Kirk is the editor of The Portable Conservative Reader *and the author of* The Conservative Mind.

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THE FREEZE DEBATE

Options in a Nuclear World

J. BART CZIRR and E. PAUL PALMER

THE NUCLEAR-FREEZE debate and the MX-basing controversy have forced the American people to try to clarify issues surrounding nuclear war and to search for alternatives to our present strategies. There are five strategies that could be effective in minimizing the probability of war:

1. Arrange a complete, verifiable disarmament.
2. Devise an impenetrable defense.
3. Devise a fully effective deterrent.
4. Initiate a totally disarming first-strike attack.
5. Surrender.

The first two strategies are the ones of choice. They are theoretically possible, and both should be pursued vigorously and independently; however, it is unwise to rely upon either to become effective in time to solve the current problems of worldwide aggression and struggles for dominance. The last two strategies are morally unacceptable to the vast majority of Americans since one amounts to premeditated murder and the other, to an acquiescence in totalitarianism. This leaves deterrence as the only acceptable near-term solution.

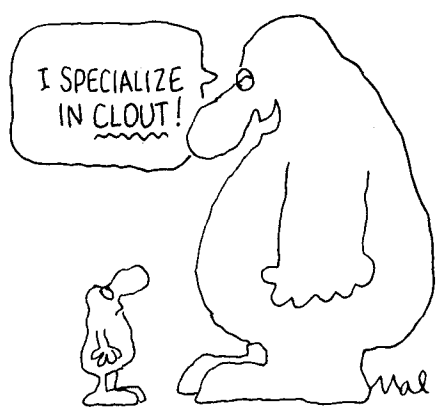
A strategy based upon deterrence is the only one of the five that relies upon psychological inhibitors rather than upon some purely mechanical "threat removal." For this reason, firm *psychological* principles must be sought if deterrence is to be credible. One principle is paramount: deterrence is the most credible when the potential aggressor has the least uncertainty concerning a threatened retaliation and when the potential victim has the least uncertainty as to his course of action.

This concept contradicts some current writings on the subject which maintain that, in some vague sense, uncertainty is the *basis* of deterrence. The fallacy of this is seen when the situation is viewed from the aggressor's perspective. If he is certain to meet no retaliation, he is not deterred. If retaliation is uncertain, he arms and prepares for many eventualities. If retaliation is certain and strong, he is certainly and strongly deterred from attacking.

To minimize the probability of war, we must convince the aggressor that we can and will retaliate if attacked. His options are thereby reduced because he no longer has the benefit of uncertainty. Even at its best, of course, deterrence requires one assumption (on the part of the victim): that the potential aggressor is not self-destructive. With this limitation, can a system be devised that effectively eliminates the myriad other assumptions (and therefore uncertainties) that now exist in the United States' strategy for dealing with the possibility of nuclear attack?

One obvious technique to eliminate uncertainty in the mind of an aggressor is to provide for *automatic* retaliation—by a device designed to retaliate even after the U.S. had been destroyed. While automatic retaliation provides the epitome of deterrent power, it must also provide complete protection against inadvertent war to be acceptable.

Most of the fears of inadvertent war arise because of the perceived need to respond *quickly* to a massive attack. Notice that this short fuse is the real crux of the MX controversy. We are uncertain that proposed systems will be able to fire the MX under real attack or be able to recognize a false alarm and not fire. The outcome is uncertain when a finger rests on a hair trigger and there are only minutes available to make decisions. In addition, the temptation to fire first may be unbearable if an accurate silo-killing missile like MX is available.



Many significant advantages arise if we are willing to delay our threatened retaliation for several weeks. If this can be done, we are able to incorporate new strategies to guard against human, electronic, and mechanical failure and to achieve entirely new levels of protection against inadvertent war. With the combination of safety through delayed retaliation and certainty through automatic response, we can begin to realize our goal of the most credible—and therefore morally acceptable—deterrent.

THE PROBLEM of designing systems to meet these goals should not be difficult or costly in comparison with other systems such as Trident or MX. The necessity to preserve our retaliatory force for extended periods, *after* absorbing a first-strike attack (to allow delayed response), suggests the ocean depths as the ideal hiding place. All three requirements of delayed response, automatic response, and invulnerability can be satisfied by a system of small, unmanned submarines, each carrying one or two long-range missiles or cruise missiles. In order to provide for automatic retaliation, the submarines would be programmed to approach the surface, activate their sensors, test their ability to receive, and listen for an "all's well" signal, on a prearranged but random schedule. That signal would be broadcast continuously but in an ever-changing code. If a submarine's message center were destroyed, the submarine would begin a preplanned, automatic program to maneuver toward the enemy, pause, test itself, listen repeatedly, and eventually fire its weapons. The long delay would allow adequate time to repair communication systems, alter programs, or disarm or destroy an errant system.

An important side benefit of the proposed strategy of delayed and automatic response is the low level of bellicosity inherent in any system employing these principles. It could *not* be used effectively to wage aggressive war, yet it would be a fearful deterrent. It would be a morally and politically acceptable solution in a tense world. □

Messrs. Czirr and Palmer are members of the Department of Physics and Astronomy at Brigham Young University.

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Abroad

Peking *Targets in Eastern Europe*

China has actively begun to cultivate the Communist-bloc countries of Eastern Europe, long denounced here as "revisionists" and lackeys of Moscow, but now rehabilitated to the level of "socialist states." Hu Yaobang, secretary general of the Chinese Communist Party, is expected shortly in Rumania and Yugoslavia, both of which have long been sympathetic onlookers in China's struggles with the Soviet Union. At the same time, two high-ranking diplomats, one of them a deputy foreign minister, will visit East Berlin, Warsaw, Budapest, Sofia, and Prague. These visits are labeled "embassy inspections," but the diplomats will almost certainly be holding significant talks with their opposite numbers in these capitals. Commercial, sporting, and cultural association is the immediate aim of the Chinese, but no doubt a close inter-party relationship is also in view. Care will have to be exercised, however, to avoid the impression that Peking is seeking to detach any member of the Warsaw Pact—as happened with Rumania, now sufficiently independent of Moscow that it feels free to choose its own side in Sino-Soviet conflicts.

Rome *Empty Glasses*

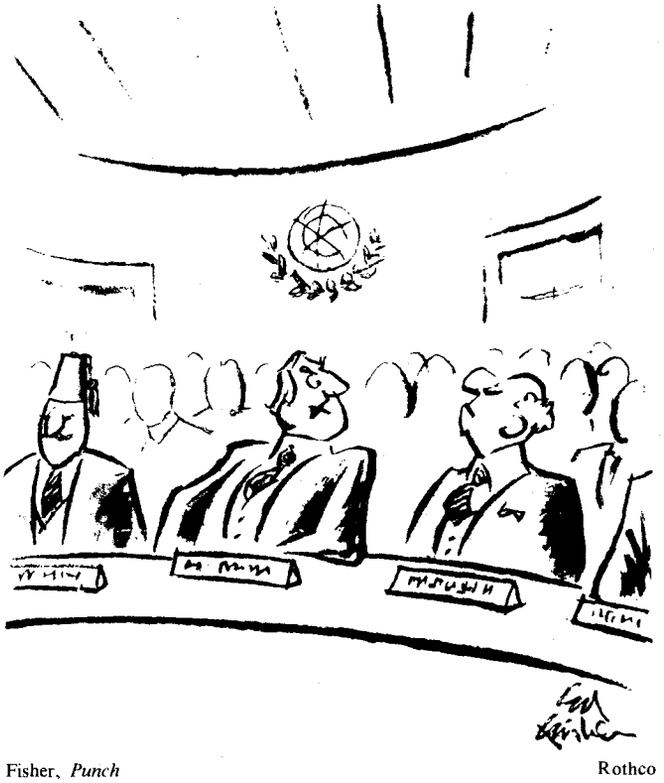
Italy produces more wine than any other country, but Italians now rank only third among its consumers. Italians drink, on average, 74 liters of wine a year, so the Portuguese, whose consumption is 77 liters, have eased them out of second place, behind the perennial first-placers, the French. Part of the reason, according to Italian wine authorities, is the stepped-up pace of Italian life. People no longer have the leisure to drink a glass or two of wine with their lunch. Instead, the modern Italian gulps his meal in the form of a sandwich. And if he is young, he probably guzzles a soft drink. As for red wine, which represents the bulk of Italian production, there is the added circumstance that "working people feel it makes them sleepy"—this from an agriculture ministry official who deals with the subject.

New Delhi *The Other Frontier*

All has been quiet along the "other" great frontier of Asia —the 1,200 miles of mountainous territory that separate India from China—although the territorial dispute that caused the Sino-Indian war of 1962 is still a source of bitterness between Delhi and Peking. Recently both countries have taken steps toward improving their relations, and a series of bi-lateral talks ended just the other day in the Chinese capital. Further talks are to be held in Delhi in the near future. The Chinese say that the frontier, demarcated originally by the British colonial authority, has to be reconsidered along its whole length. The Indians say there is no need to raise the question of change. In real terms they are discussing a Chinese claim to the remote Aksai Chin plateau in the western sector of the frontier, and in the east a Chinese challenge to the so-called MacMahon line. For the last thirty years, China has claimed effective control of Aksai Chin, while the Indians have adhered to their MacMahon outposts. Since the return to power of Deng Xiaoping, there has been an effort to reduce Chinese pressure on the frontier question. China, for example, has noticeably ceased taking sides in the Kashmir dispute. She has also revived a pre-1962 suggestion that the de facto frontiers be accepted by both sides. Chinese diplomats are well aware of Indira Gandhi's close ties to the Soviet Union, but from their point of view this does not represent a critical obstacle to a *modus vivendi.*

St. Helena *Napoleon's Envy*

Aubrey Theodore Stevens is one of the few men Napoleon might genuinely have envied: he is being deported from St. Helena. Stevens was convicted last year of murdering a policeman in Jamestown, the village capital of this South Atlantic island, not far from Longwood, the house in which Napoleon spent the last six years of his life in melancholy exile. The little prison of St. Helena has only five cells and is much too familiar a place—the prisoners are allowed to swim in the sea when the weather is hot, for example—for a man sentenced to life imprisonment for such a crime. The island government therefore petitioned authorities in London under the Colonial Prisoners Removal Act of 1885 to have Stevens incarcerated in England instead of on St. Helena, and the Home Office has agreed. But there is a further problem. St. Helena has no airport, and the ship that connects it with England calls only every two months. The next trip is booked solid, so Stevens will have to wait, especially since he cannot travel by himself. "Mr. Stevens will have an escort of course," says St. Helena's Attorney General Hoole. "We would expect two policemen to accompany him. We just have not the facilities to keep a man here for life." At least not since 1821.



Fisher, *Punch* Rothco

"Hey! What about a balanced, mutually verifiable pull-back on the snide remarks?"

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One-Night Stand

CHARLES BURTON MARSHALL

Keeping Faith: Memoirs of a President
By Jimmy Carter
Bantam, 622 pp., $22.50

To paraphrase an apophthegm cited in Jimmy Carter's *Keeping Faith*, a multitude of hands waving with all five fingers is a sight to hearten a competitive politician. Carter, taking the inaugural oath and then descending Capitol Hill afoot with his kinsfolk, warmed to find himself—a newcomer to Washington—amidst countless friends. He was prayerful about preserving the evinced rapport, eager to cultivate harmony with Congress, confident about carrying out his sizable melioristic agenda, and resolved to practice in the chief magistracy the assiduity he had preached as a presidential aspirant in *Why Not the Best?* "It was one of those perfect moments in life when everything seems absolutely right," he recalls.

But roses, roses all the way it was not to be. What Carter sums up as "a graduate course in America" brought "unpleasant surprises"—one of them being "the inertia of Congress, the length of time it takes to get a complicated piece of legislation through." He is consoled by having done "reasonably well in . . . overall relationship with Congress," with a ratio of success only slightly below that of Lyndon Johnson, "the masterful congressional manipulator." Bitter, though, about lobbyists' countervailing power and legislators' concomitant vulnerability, he declares: "Ultimately, something will have to be done to control the influence of special interests." He still burns, too, over "the irresponsibility of the press," which, as he says, echoing Jody Powell, granted him no honeymoon, "but just a one-night stand."

Carter early developed a preference for foreign affairs, where he could exercise relatively unencumbered prerogatives in such matters as making a big thing internationally of human rights and engineering peace at Camp David between Israel and Egypt—the latter being perhaps the high point of his Presidency. Ahead lay the Iranian entrapment, for him the epitome of a no-win situation. The remnant of consolation for Carter is having avoided two indignities—forfeiting his renomination to Teddy Kennedy's opportunism, and having to convey the hostage crisis to Ronald Reagan as unfinished business.

Whatever went amiss in President Carter's quadrennium, he cannot be blamed for lack of diligence. The dutifulness that impelled an immediate order to curtail White House ceremony because "every minute's important" would prompt him to the labor of keeping on his own a form sheet covering all hundred senators on Panama Canal treaty issues, to prodigious personal perseverance as mediator in the Camp David parley, to unstinting involvement in settling the Iranian predicament, and finally, to disapprobation of his successor's neglecting to take notes at a post-election briefing.

Keeping Faith, a product of such disciplined application, is derived from a diary aggregating five thousand pages —presumably more than a million words —of day-to-day tapings of impressions about persons and events. Some two hundred excerpts form an italicized framework for the memoir. Carter himself, out of office, typed the rest of the 180,000-word text. No rewriter interposes. I feel as sure of that as I did on reading *The Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge* more than a half-century ago. Commonplaces abound—difficulties paling into insignificance, long and arduous tasks performed, compromises hammered out, and so on. Three sentences from the Camp David episode may serve to illustrate another characteristic: "Begin and I walked together from Holly to Aspen, arriving at the front door of my cottage just in time to greet President Sadat. I led the way down the hall to the study and sat behind the desk. They took the other two chairs, facing each other across the desk as before." Carter's specialty as expositor, evident on virtually every page, is not

David Evanier, *fiction editor of the* Paris Review, *is the author of a novel,* The One-Star Jew, *to be published in June by North Point Press. He has completed* The Lost Pigeon of East Broadway, *his first play. . . .* **Charles Burton Marshall** *writes on foreign-policy affairs for* NR. . . . **Alan L. Miller** *is an editorial-page writer for the* Detroit News. . . . **J. O. Tate** *teaches English at Dowling College on Long Island, New York.*

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST MAY TITLES: Still another McCarthy book is forthcoming: *A Conspiracy So Immense: The World of Joe McCarthy* (Free Press, $19.95), by David M. Oshinsky, an historian at Rutgers. The book is long, carefully researched, and concludes that the Senator from Wisconsin was a "true believer" in "the central truth of our age." . . . *A Journey for Our Times: A Memoir* (Harper & Row, $22.50), by Harrison Salisbury, begins in 1926 with the author's first job in Minnesota at the age of 18 and concludes with his assignments for the *New York Times*, forwarding dispatches about Stalin and Khrushchev. . . . *Flashbacks: An Autobiography* (Tarcher/Houghton Mifflin, $15.95) is both Timothy Leary's summation and an exercise in nostalgia as he recounts his childhood in Springfield, Mass., his work as a clinical psychologist, his use of psychedelic drugs as a means of self-exploration, and his years in prison. Mr. Leary is currently a specialist in space migration.

In *Dangerous Currents: The State of Economics* (Random House, $16.95), Lester Thurow examines contemporary economic theory and concludes that almost all of it, including and perhaps especially Reaganomics, is simply too theoretical, unrealistic, and out-of-touch for this world. . . . *Bright Promises, Dismal Performance: An Economist's Protest* (Harcourt Brace, $16.95; $5.95 paper), by Milton Friedman, edited, with introduction and notes, by William R. Allen, is a collection of magazine pieces (including a *Playboy* interview) in which Friedman urges changes in the American political economy that, in his opinion, would lead to greater economic efficiency through the removal of economic constraint.

■ COMING IN JUNE: Cyrus Vance's *Hard Choices: Four Critical Years in America's Foreign Policy* (Simon & Schuster, $17.95) takes some credit and some blame; argues that the Soviet Union does not seek world domination but is engaged in "a relentless probing for the advantage in furthering its national interests"; and advocates that the U.S. engage in both selective nuclear deterrence and cooperation with Moscow on arms control. —CW

synthesis but the full particulars in chronological progression. The reader is told more than he could ever wish to know about many things, but the big picture is diffuse.

Tedious meticulosity may well have had much to do with his Administration's vicissitudes. The point was made to me near the end of Carter's tenure by the head of a powerful national organization. He recounted a presidential solicitation by telephone for support on a particular issue. Despite his immediate and hearty concurrence, asserting complete grasp of the pertinent issues, the President, overriding intermittent comments, persisted to the very end of a thousand-word exposition point by point in cadences of reciting from a memorandum. My friend's observation: After almost four years on the scene, Carter remained an outsider to the extent of not even catching on to the rudiments of politicking by telephone.

Carter's retrospection verges on comprehending this: "We came to Washington as outsiders and never appreciably changed this status. . . . Even to those who welcomed us, we were still strangers." He says: "I realized the potential benefit to be derived from solid relationships with the Washington leaders who helped to shape public attitudes, but I thought doing the best job possible in the White House would be enough to gain their support." Further, "Having run deliberately and profitably as one who had never been part of the Washington scene, I was not particularly eager to change my attitude after becoming President. This proved to be a mistake."

This acknowledgment of error is unique—aside from an allusion to a possibility of having subjected his Administration to judgment under excessively exacting criteria as a result of "having been ostentatious about setting a high moral standard for ourselves." Bert Lance, for example, is portrayed as an irreproachable financier and a "tremendous" administrator, and the hapless rescue mission to Iran is called "well-planned." Mstislav Rostropovich's condolent analogy expressed a few days before Carter's involuntary relinquishment of authority is invoked: "The masses made a mistake on November the 4th, as they had when they rejected Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, rejected *La Traviata*, and in the first performance of *Tosca* . . . reacted against it so violently that they couldn't even raise the curtain for the third act." Carter treasures—"it was beautiful"—the maestro's prophecy that "history was going to treat my Administration the same way they did Verdi, Puccini, and Beethoven." He is probably on solider ground in averring: "I did my utmost." □

Reclaiming a Patrimony
By Russell Kirk
Heritage Foundation, 120 pp., $2

THE CONSCIENCE OF CONSERVATISM

ALAN L. MILLER

Though others have received greater credit for their contributions to the American conservative movement, few have the philosophical prowess of Russell Kirk.

The Wizard of Mecosta will probably wince at these words, but, as he warns, "serious thought always is vulgarized and filtered and transmuted through newspaper editorials." That sobering admonition greeted this reviewer (an editorial writer for one of the nation's largest newspapers) on the first page of this trenchant collection of lectures which demonstrate that at an age when many men might be contemplating the rocking chair, the redoubtable Russell Kirk hasn't lost his bite.

The author of 24 books, including the seminal *The Conservative Mind*, Kirk remains very much the conscience of conservatives with his crusty reminder that the movement should never become so enamored of ideology that it loses its point of reference. He scores ideology as "political fanaticism and illusion," preferring instead to base his principles on "those general convictions and healthy prejudices derived from long consensus and social experience." So it is that Kirk chides conservatives for their "continuing obsession" with economics. Not that he dismisses the Dismal Science; but he cautions: "Economic success is a by-product, not the

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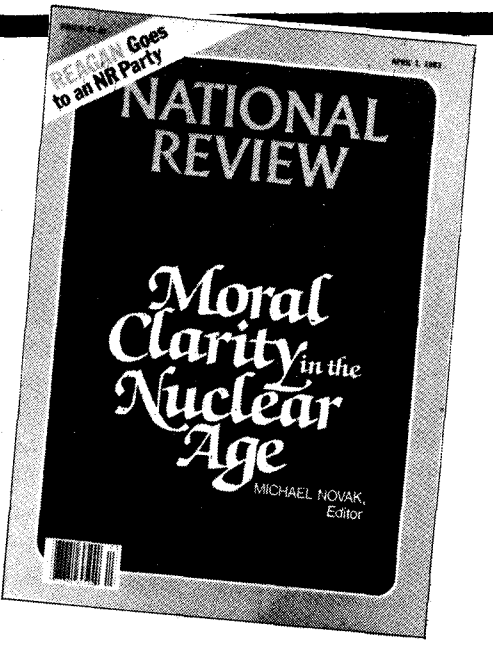

For the first time ever, *National Review* devoted an entire issue to a single document:

Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age

MICHAEL NOVAK, *Editor*

Never before in its 28 years of publishing has *National Review* magazine devoted virtually an entire issue to a single document. But the April 1 issue did precisely that. The subject is nuclear disarmament, and the document—with powerful eloquence—deals with the question: Should public policy proceed on the understanding that no use of nuclear weapons is morally defensible, not even the threat of their use as a deterrent?

Few would deny that the future of our nation, and perhaps the world itself, may depend on the answer to that question. The mere *posing* of it, says *National Review* Editor Wm. F. Buckley Jr., "is nothing less than an eructation in civilized thought, putting, as it does, the protraction of biological life as the first goal of modern man."

This new doctrine, says Buckley in his introduction to the issue, "comes at us from many sides, in many voices, in varied tempos, with many allurements heavily moral in tone." And, he adds, its advocates, "while they have not called explicitly for unilateral nuclear disarmament, have set forth positions which, if they were put into effect, would almost certainly bring on such disarmament, even as the logic of the wheel is to turn."

In *Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age,* Michael Novak rigorously analyzes the moral arguments in great detail. Mr. Novak, currently *National Review*'s religion editor, is a Catholic scholar and theologian widely known for his many books (most recently his seminal work, *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism*) as well as for his activism in human rights and other efforts. In writing this document he consulted with scholars Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and agnostic. The result is what Buckley calls "a prodigious effort" in the form of an "Open Letter" to the American Catholic bishops.

The entire text (over 20,000 words) of the open letter is reprinted in **National Review**. If you are not a regular subscriber you can get a copy for yourself by using the card facing this page now! But the supply is strictly limited so do not delay—you will *not* want to miss it.

"Without disparaging the importance of those Catholic bishops who have energized the anti-nuclear movement, I would predict that what will prove historically important about what they did is that they engendered Mr. Novak's 'Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age.' . . . It is a document for the age, and we are proud to publish it in its entirety in *National Review.*"

— Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

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source of America's success as a society." He also has no patience with the libertarians who, he laments, are frequently mistaken for conservatives.

Apart from the fact that both oppose the totalist state and its oppressive bureaucracy, the two doctrines, he insists, have nothing in common. He characterizes libertarians as " 'a chirping sect,' an ideological clique forever splitting into sects still smaller, and odder, but rarely conjugating." Stressing that "We owe our American freedoms to a well-functioning civil social order that requires duties as well as liberties for its survival," Kirk finds it "grimly amusing" that extreme libertarians haven't understood that American society depends upon duty, discipline, and cooperation: "The socialists at least declare the existence of some sort of moral order; the libertarians are quite bottomless."

He is equally scornful of the educators whose abandonment of academic standards has spawned "cafeteria-style" curricula and turned modern education into a farce. Lamenting that great literature has been sacrificed upon the altar of relevance and training for life adjustment, Kirk reminds us of Franklin's suggestion that sheer personal experience is the teacher of born fools. He urges instead that "we turn to the bank and capital of the ages, the normative knowledge found in revelation, authority, and historical experience." He recalls that the founders of the Republic were steeped in classical teachings that provided them with the perspective from which they created the greatest democratic experiment the modern world has seen. "If," he warns, "we starve young people for imagination, adventure, and some sort of heroism, the consequences will be felt not merely in their failure of taste, but in their misapprehension of human nature." Accordingly, he recommends that a child be started off with literary fantasy, to quicken his moral imagination and give him a sense of wonder, from which "comes a sense of awe—and the beginning of philosophy." In addition to narrative history, biography, philosophy, and theology, Kirk commends reflective prose and poetry from which the child might glean "the distilled wisdom of men of genius."

The National Education Association, however, is too busy politicizing a once-noble profession to care about such matters as these. Describing the NEA's "obsession with collective bargaining" as "a kind of cultural lag," Kirk proclaims: "Our urgent necessity in education is not a matter of improving the incomes and amenities of teachers; on the contrary it is a fulfilling of the freedom to learn."

His chapter on the "Architecture of Servitude and Boredom" is at once a scathing attack on antiseptic city planners and a sensitive appeal for the preservation of beauty and, above all, the continuity that gives a community its character.

Finally, he implores conservative political leaders to be audacious in their approach to society's problems. Candidates, he cautions, who offer little more than common sense and business acumen are ill-equipped for stirring the public imagination. Kirk sees President Reagan as a skillful rhetorician who "does not hesitate to declare, defying cant and foible, that America's educational need is for *moral* instruction; he does not falter in his conviction that decreasing taxes will increase prosperity." Kirk concludes that Mr. Reagan "has the audacity to declare that this American Republic will endure and thrive. . . . With the old Romans, he knows that audacity is a bulwark, and that fortune fears and favors the audacious. The American Republic commenced with audacity; if that audacity is exhausted the Republic must end. Ronald Reagan, the audacious American stage manager, is not disposed to let fall the iron curtain of national destiny. For him the American drama is not yet played out." □

James Gould Cozzens: A Life Apart
By Matthew Bruccoli
Harcourt Brace, 384 pp., $19.95

SLUMBERING GIANT

JEFFREY HART

Samuel Johnson wrote *The Lives of the Poets*; it looks as if Matthew Bruccoli is writing the lives of the novelists. We have had his life of John O'Hara, his superb life of Fitzgerald, *Some Sort of Epic Grandeur*, and now his biography of James Gould Cozzens. Surprisingly enough, there are many ways in which Bruccoli does remind you of Johnson. He combines biography with criticism, or rather uses biography as an instrument of criticism. Like Johnson, too, he marshals his facts and his evidence in such a way that his judgments, when they arrive, do not seem to be the opinion of an individual but the obvious conclusion of intelligence itself. The last two sentences of his *Cozzens*, wonderfully, and probably intentionally, sound like Johnson: "Such was James Gould Cozzens, whose force of mind was formidable, whose veneration for truth was inflexible, whose dedication to the craft of literature was uncontaminated by fashions. His novels have a safe place of proper stature among sound achievements in American literature."

Coming at the very end of this overwhelming demonstration, that word "proper" must be considered an ironic understatement. The whole of Bruccoli's book makes the reader reply, "Proper? No, very important. Or *major*." Which is what Bruccoli intended.

James Gould Cozzens was almost purely a writer. We follow him through the Kent School, where he loafed away his classes but read and wrote prodigiously, meanwhile rebelling against the muscular Christianity of the founder and headmaster, Father Sill. So extensive are Cozzens's diaries at Kent, and also later on, that Bruccoli has an abundance of biographical detail. Despite indifferent grades at Kent and poor college-entrance-exam scores, Cozzens talked his way into Harvard, where nothing changed. He neglected his courses, except when they provided material for projected literary schemes; he had a small circle of literary friends; and he enjoyed the restaurants and

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theaters of Boston. By the time he was a sophomore, he had finished a novel called *Confusion.* He submitted it to a Boston publisher and it was accepted. He withdrew from Harvard that spring, another novel well along toward completion. His vocation was plain.

What he needed was a style. His early work, four novels, is lushly overwritten, outrageously erudite, patently false. By 1936, however, with *Men and Brethren* he had fully found his style and his great subject. It is a style of lucid and spare intelligence, reminiscent in its emotional tonality of the classicism of the eighteenth century. His subject is man in his institutional roles, and the ethics that arise therefrom. In *Men and Brethren* he deals with Cudlipp, an Episcopal priest—no God-scarred Graham Greene character, but a man who, under changing circumstances, does his best.

One could, of course, find examples of Cozzens's moral tonality almost anywhere in his mature works, but I will content myself with one of my favorites, from *The Just and the Unjust* (1942). The novel covers the three days of a murder trial in which the jury, ignoring the law, refuses to condemn the accused and returns a verdict of second-degree murder. When the young district attorney reports the verdict to his father, Judge Coates, who is crippled from a stroke, the Judge responds:

> "Justice is an inexact science. As a matter of fact, a judge is so greatly in a jury's debt, he shouldn't begrudge them the little things they help themselves to."
>
> "I don't follow," Abner said.
>
> "The ancient conflict between liberty and authority. The jury protects the court. It's a question how long any system of courts could last in a free country if judges found the verdicts. It doesn't matter how wise and experienced the judges may be. Resentment would build up every time the findings didn't go with the current notions or prejudices. Pretty soon half the community would want to lynch the judge. There's no focal point with a jury: the jury is the public itself."

Cozzens's major novels began with *The Last Adam* in 1933, and there followed a half-dozen of the best novels written in our time, culminating in *Guard of Honor* (1948), based on Cozzens's wartime experience in the Air Force, and surely the best American novel to come out of World War II. In 1957 he had an enormous popular success for the first time with *By Love Possessed*, itself a major novel, though one with problems.

Why, then, is Cozzens not recognized widely for what he certainly is, one of the major American novelists of the century, the peer of Hemingway, Faulkner, and Fitzgerald? There are a number of reasons.

ONCE, FORMULATING his conception of his ideal reader, Cozzens said that he would have to be an "adult." Unlike his American peers, Cozzens does not explore the extremes of human experience, and there is little sense of transcendence in the intelligent atmosphere of his novels. He is outside the mainstream of modernism—one of the many meanings of Bruccoli's subtitle, "A Life Apart." Cozzens's central subject is human heroism under conditions of human limitation. He knew that it takes an "adult" sensibility to enjoy that subject, in contrast to adventures in Pamplona or riotous excursions on Long Island's North Shore.

Second, there has been ideological resistance to Cozzens from some sectors of the literary establishment. The enormous popular success of *By Love Possessed* produced a savage and, I would guess, conspiratorial attack from the Left. Cozzens did not, of course, have the "correct" ideas—it being a continuing embarrassment that almost no major modern American novelist or poet does have the "correct" ideas. And he had given a mismanaged cover interview to *Time*, in which the reporter took Cozzens's "*You* might say that . . ." to signify agreement with the reporter's own formulations. But the basis for the attack, notably by Frederick Crews, Irving Howe, and Dwight Macdonald, was ideological. They did not at all like the way Cozzens thought about society, and they enthusiastically ignored Henry James's critical principle that a writer must be granted his premises.

I suppose those premises must be, within broad limits, plausible; but the real critical question arises from *within*, not outside, the novel. Does Cozzens's conception of society work *in the novel*? Does it enhance the drama, illuminate the characters, provide a proper milieu for the action? The critics greatly diminished themselves by picking political fights with *novels*, treating them as if they were political tracts. In all of this, Cozzens was Gulliver in Lilliput.

The last phase of Cozzens's life raises an interesting question about his relationship to alcohol, and the validity of the advice he accepted from his doctor in 1971 that he quit drinking. He did so at once, with no struggle at all. Thus Cozzens was not a textbook alcoholic in the manner of Faulkner, Fitzgerald, or O'Hara, whose relationship to alcohol was clearly pathological. But Cozzens drank a lot. He would rise early and write all morning. He would then have a double Scotch before lunch, and pursue various activities in the afternoon. Before dinner he would have two double Scotches, and, after dinner, read while consuming a quart of beer. This routine seldom varied.

But after he quit drinking, he seemed to die emotionally and to die as a writer. "Writing fiction was impossible without alcohol. And without his work his existence was purposeless." He wrote no more fiction, wished to die, and constantly thought of suicide. His wife, literary agent, live-in critic, and general handler, Bernice Baumgarten, died of cancer on January 30, 1978 at age 75. Cozzens died of cancer a few months later, on August 9, 1978, ten days short of his own 75th birthday. It is a situation right out of Cozzens's own fictional world with its vexed choices and limited options. □

"The Theater We Worked For": The Letters of Eugene O'Neill to Kenneth Macgowan
Edited by Jackson R. Bryer, with introductory essays by Travis Bogard

Yale, 274 pp., $25

AS WELCOME AS THE WAVES

DAVID EVANIER

"You will always be as welcome as the waves," O'Neill wrote after a visit from Kenneth Macgowan as their lifelong friendship began. This letter dates from 1920, when the "Triumvirate"—a partnership of O'Neill, designer Robert Edmond Jones, and producer Kenneth Macgowan—was formed to run the Experimental Theatre, intended to carry forth and build upon the work of the Provincetown Playhouse. O'Neill was already in his thirties; his days as a

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seaman wandering around South America, as an alcoholic and near-suicide in Greenwich Village flophouses and waterfront dives, were over. By 1920, he had written his splendid one-act sea plays as well as *The Emperor Jones* and *Beyond the Horizon* (which netted him a Pulitzer Prize). Married to Agnes Boulton and living at Peaked Hill Bars, an old Coast Guard station three miles outside of Provincetown, he was a father with financial responsibilities. He had recently gone through the slow cancerous death of his father; his mother's death would follow in 1922 and his brother Jamie's in 1923.

Like most artistic communal efforts, the Experimental Theatre started and ended with its one resident genius: O'Neill. Acrimony set in early. The theater lasted three seasons, with commercial considerations coming to overshadow its initial artistic goals. Macgowan himself had been a cautious theater critic who belatedly adopted a bold modernist stance. He wound up a successful Hollywood producer, and there is no indication in this correspondence that he was really meant for higher things.

BUT Macgowan's capacity for friendship was so strong it survived O'Neill's stormy marriage to Carlotta Monterey, who banished almost all his friends. The correspondence details O'Neill's furtive betrayal of his wife Agnes (he finally left her in 1927), during which he entrusted Macgowan with the task of sending flowers and notes to Carlotta. The letters chronicle O'Neill's impatience with the domestic clutter of life with Agnes. Visits from "long forgotten progeny [O'Neill Jr.] and other relatives, each with their own problem, made a congregation out here which rather scrambled the mental eggs—at any rate, deferred any hatching."

Returning from a trip shortly before he left Agnes for good, O'Neill writes of his guilt:

> And it is good to be home again. And lucky I left when I did—for I love her and them and my home and nothing could ever take their place—but oh Christ, there are also other things—"on the other side of the hills." . . .

Whatever his failings as a husband and father, though, it would be hard to condemn an artist whose high goals remained constant ever since he wrote Professor Baker at Yale that "I want to

be an artist or nothing," and who wrote Macgowan in 1923: "It seems to me most emphatically a case of shooting at a star or being a dud! . . . I want to howl: Imagination, Beauty & Daring—or bust!"

O'Neill began his marriage to Carlotta at a chateau with seven hundred acres of land in Le Plessis, France, the first of many places they tried in their restless search for an environment to suit them: Georgia, Bermuda, California. Carlotta's early letters to Macgowan sound artificial and affected, but the later ones (when she too had come to trust him) seem relatively sane. But anyone who wishes to know Carlotta must read Louis Sheaffer's biography of O'Neill and the account by O'Neill's editor Saxe Commins, "The Sequestration and Death of Eugene O'Neill," in *What Is an Editor?* These harrowing accounts can then be placed against Travis Bogard's view: "What is often misunderstood is the significant truth of the marriage: Carlotta . . . had to build a 'Siberian' wall around O'Neill and his work, leaving him undisturbed in the silence he required to write. She discovered she was to become the ultimate caretaker. . . ."

And it is essentially true that, as Robert Brustein wrote in *The Theater of Revolt*, with the second stage of his career, which began in 1932 with *Ah, Wilderness*, O'Neill "abandoned those ponderous abstractions and inflated generalizations which Expressionism invariably dragged into his plays," and developed "from a self-conscious and imitative pseudo-artist into a genuine tragic dramatist with a uniquely probing vision." These were the years of his marriage to Carlotta.

In these years O'Neill abandoned masks and split characters and moved toward the realism that brought out his true voice. He told Macgowan: "And here's another thing I'm off of for good! No more sets or theatrical devices as anything but unimportant background. . . . Hereafter I write plays primarily as literature to be read—and the more simply they read, the better they will act, no matter what technique is used. . . . Greater classical simplicity, austerity combined with the utmost freedom and flexibility, that's the stuff!"

In the late 1930s, Eugene and Carlotta settled in California, and he proceeded to write his masterpieces—*The Iceman Cometh* and *Long Day's Journey into Night*—as well as other works of beauty: *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, *A Touch of the Poet*, and *Hughie*. (O'Neill's explication and defense of *Iceman* to Macgowan just after he had written it is alone worth the price of admission.) He found in his own past—days at Jimmy the Priest's on the waterfront, and the suffering of his own family—his true subjects. The gargantuan efforts and profound integrity finally resulted in art of the highest power, art that produces that hush in the theater when audiences know they are in the presence of something beyond ego and time.

HE BEGAN to weaken physically in 1937. In 1943 he developed a tremor that was the onset of Parkinson's disease; he could not work the last ten years of his life.

The letters from this period reflect the deepened friendship between the two men. Macgowan's ability to speak between the lines, his simplicity, tact, subtlety, and feeling for O'Neill come through. His final letter in 1951 concludes with a mention of O'Neill's favorite playwright:

> I wish I could see some Strindberg. I think back to *The Spook Sonata*—and a lot of other things.
>
> Give my love to Carlotta. Be of as good cheer as you can these days. A hell of a world.
>
> Kenneth

The correspondence gives us O'Neill's masterful self-discipline, his certitude about the value of his work, his flexi-

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bility, his disdain for the commercial theater world. He singlehandedly raised American play-writing from a craft to a universal art, and he has never been equaled in this country. His memory, like his masterpieces, is evergreen. □

Horowitz: A Biography of Vladimir Horowitz
By Glenn Plaskin
Morrow, 607 pp., $19.95

VOLODYA DEAREST; OR, RANCID BORSCHT

J. O. TATE

From his sensational New York debut in 1928 to his "historic return" in 1965, and on to his exposure on television, his Golden Jubilee concerts, and his acceptance of invitations from Jimmy Carter and Prince Charles, Vladimir Horowitz has been a star. In recent years he has been a celebrity like no other performing artist—one who demands 80 per cent of the gross for his piano recitals. From the Mets dugout to *60 Minutes*, Horowitz has been anointed by the media. The man who told a White House receiving line "I am delightful" in 1928, made a point of refusing refreshments from the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1982.

If Mr. Horowitz is "famous for being famous," he is also known for his double octaves, his *affettuoso rubato*, his velocity, power, precision, and brilliance, and his unique sonority. Like a gunslinger's reputation, Horowitz's rests squarely on *performance*. He has always known this, dreaded what he had to accept, and has sometimes snapped under the strain. Haunted by his own legend, intimidated by his own recordings, he has disappeared more than once into "sabbaticals," depressions, hypochondriacal funks. His longest such retirement stretched from 1953 to 1965. Some believed he was dead; others, that he could never rise to the occasion again. But he did. Mr. Horowitz, who has canceled more recitals than most pianists have given, discovered that, paradoxically, he was renowned for *not* being known. He once grinned at being compared to Greta Garbo.

Oscar Levant thought that Horowitz's greatest achievement was to make that mouthful, "Vladimir Horowitz," a household expression. It's at this level that Glenn Plaskin pitches his biography. The dust-jacket claims that "The career and life of Vladimir Horowitz are intimately linked—to ignore one is not to understand the other." Yes, they are "linked" quite literally by the man who lived and lives that career and life—and that man isn't here.

For what is *not* said on the dust-jacket, or in the preface, or in the text, is that this is an unauthorized biography of an individual who refused to cooperate with the project. Knowing this illuminates the meaning of such sources as "fifty tape-recorded interviews with Horowitz himself." What is not specified is that none of these interviews was granted to Mr. Plaskin. So this biographer must rely on his interviews with "650 friends and associates privileged to have known the private Horowitz."

Although these considerable researches could have been, I think, the basis of a biography of Horowitz, they are not. His butterfingers clutching at the coattails of Horowitz's cutaway, Mr. Plaskin has let his elusive, reclusive subject escape him. But he has not failed to take ad-

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vantage of the opportunity to exploit the Horowitz name. According to an interview with Lesley Valdes in *Women's Wear Daily*, the "slim, well-tailored" Plaskin, who in a sloe-eyed way resembles the young Horowitz, studied the piano for twenty years before giving up hopes for a career. The biography was unsuccessfully proposed as a dissertation at the Peabody Institute, which Plaskin left without receiving his doctorate. Mr. Plaskin's unresolved attitudes, which take the form of a resentful identification with his subject, may be why his book fails.

This exposé is definitely the best sleazy hack job I've read since Hector Arce's *The Secret Life of Tyrone Power* (1979). Attempting intermittently a serious discussion of Horowitz the artist, Mr. Plaskin is way out of his element. The book begins with the eight-year-old boy sneaking into a recital by the great Josef Hofmann; years later, Horowitz sported an inscribed portrait of Hofmann on his piano at home. He had earned Hofmann's respect. But what Hofmann stood for as pianist, what he played and what he sounded like, goes by the board. Horowitz is sneered at for trying to wow his audiences, but Hofmann was playing his souped-up version of Chopin's "Minute" Waltz as late as 1938, and didn't hesitate to cut Schumann's *Kreisleriana* because he thought it was too long for the public. Hofmann told his first wife that "people want to be awakened, shaken. They want explosions." Horowitz's determination to provide such explosions was a Romantic credo, not the vulgar cynicism that Plaskin implies. Hadn't Liszt himself, playing for the Czar, followed the *Hammerklavier* with his own *Grand Galop Chromatique*? Plaskin tries to sketch the context of Friedman, Rosenthal, Schnabel, and Cortot, but he leaves the most accomplished pianist of that older generation, one beloved in Russia, only a name: Josef Hofmann.

Another grievous miscue is Simon Barere, mentioned twice. We see him first in the piano class of Horowitz's third teacher, Felix Blumenfeld, at the Kiev Conservatory. Later, Plaskin reverts to his natural style: "It was also said that on more than one occasion the family of his friend Simon Barere had to pull [Horowitz] from sailor bars in Odessa." But Barere, whose fleet fingers were, when it came to prestidigitation, in Horowitz's league, and whose unfortunate career was the opposite of Horowitz's, played many "Horowitz pieces" superbly. It's no accident that, emerging from Russia, these two had so much in common; but Plaskin, hastening to lower the level, does not wish to dwell on a specifically Slavic and Romantic virtuosity, a little item that should have been his unifying theme, as it has been the basis of the career of Vladimir Horowitz.

No, we must read about the man, not the artist, and at second and third hand. Plaskin's portrait is inconsistent and finally tedious, although the chapter on the 1965 comeback does capture the drama of the moment. Having no principle of discrimination, Plaskin gives an "everything" that is a nothing. Horowitz the genius and charmer we see, but on the whole we have an idol with a torso of clay. Plaskin's Horowitz is a stinker, a narcissist, a spoiled child. He is a tormented homosexual, a failure as a husband, a neglectful father, a wimpy son-in-law. He trashes his promoters, betrays his producers, dumps his friends. His wife, the former Wanda Toscanini, though loyal, is not much better. But then, Mr. Plaskin had to push for color. It's not easy to write an exposé about a man who worries about his digestion and sleeps a lot.

What does it all mean? Mr. Plaskin isn't letting on. If his collection of malicious comments is "true," it still fails to signify. Shock therapy and winsome valets are not secrets of musicality.

Since we don't know what a biography is any more, we can't usually expect to find one. Plaskin's *Horowitz* is calculated to feed parasitically, like a lamprey on the fluke of a whale, upon that very fame which Plaskin says that Horowitz contrived. Mr. Horowitz may phone his lawyer, authorize a biography, play again, or all three. The citizen who wants to know what Vladimir Horowitz means should attend to his 1932 recording of Liszt's Sonata in B minor, his 1968 Chopin Ballade in G minor, his Scarlatti and Scriabin. The music-lover in search of a substantial study of a keyboard master should read Joseph Horowitz's recently published *Conversations with Arrau*. As for Mr. Plaskin, heaven help the subject of his next "biography." □

How to Speak/How to Listen
By Mortimer J. Adler
Macmillan, 280 pp., $12.95

Book Burning
By Cal Thomas
Crossway, 158 pp., $5.95

TWO BOOKIES

JOSEPH SOBRAN

The English cultural critic Raymond Williams has warned us against the misconception that communication is somehow extraneous to society, as if the world would look pretty much the same if we were all reduced to grunting and pointing. A society, he argues, is *constituted* by its system of communication.

Ah, but here is the venerable Mortimer Adler to object: " 'Communication' is the jargon word of the social scientists and of electronics specialists who have developed elaborate 'communication theories.' " He prefers the word "conversation," since even animals communicate, though they can't converse. He does concede: "Without communication, there can be no community. Human beings cannot form a community or share in a common life without communicating with each other."

In *How to Speak/How to Listen* Adler tries to help us restore conversation, a casualty of an era in which mass communications have both vastly increased the number of stimuli and made war on understanding. In his methodical way, he tries to reduce the elements of conversation to a few essentials even beginners can grasp, drawing (no sur-

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prise here) on Aristotle's *Rhetoric* even when explaining the art of the sales talk. He is not afraid of seeming simple or even crass; he accepts the commercial uses of conversation as legitimate. And he thinks even the toothbrush salesman can't go wrong by learning something about *ethos*, *pathos*, *logos*, *taxis*, and *lexis*.

There has always been something dottily noble, to my mind, in Adler's vision of a nation of Aristotelian toothbrush salesmen. He sees the Great Books as practical, even if their ultimate value is higher. And this "Great Bookie" (as he calls himself) has labored assiduously to democratize the life of the mind. He doesn't belong to any intellectual clique that I know of.

All the same, there is something cut-and-dried about his approach that falls between the stools of the commerce and metaphysics he seeks to bring together. I'd advise the toothbrush salesman to use Dale Carnegie's bag of tricks rather than Professor Adler's system. Adler's popularizations (*Aristotle for Everyone*) don't strike me as likely to be very popular.

Tens of thousands of unread sets of the Great Books of the Western World, the major project of his career, sit in the nation's living rooms as little monuments to the good intentions he excites. And there they sit. I don't know exactly why nobody reads them; I always wound up buying paperback copies of the authors I wanted to read, while my set gathered moss. Is a puzzlement. I guess what's missing is *topos*—a concrete starting point.

NOBODY SHARES the great American faith in books more fervently than Cal Thomas of Moral Majority. His polemic *Book Burning* has *topos*, all right—the current uproar about who's really doing the censoring in this country.

Thomas has a sharp eye for irony and a sharp wit to match. Noting that bookstores have carried titles like *Holy Terror* and *God's Bullies* attacking Moral Majority types for wanting to suppress books, he notes caustically: "Nowhere to be found in most stores were books by the 'terrorists' and 'bullies' these books were attacking." He had a phone tussle with one newspaper reviewer who refused to write about some evangelical Protestant books on the grounds that they didn't come from "legitimate publishers."

The irony he keeps discovering is of course that liberal tolerance and openness are sharply circumscribed. Conservative and Christian books have a hard time passing the informal system of censorship (to call it that) governing the mainstream book biz. But feminists and other progressive types who succeed in suppressing literature they hate are seldom accused of "censorship" by liberals, who apprehend that danger only from the Right. Remarking on the creationist controversy, Thomas says: "Curious, isn't it, that secularists who go to court to ban a point of view from a textbook are not called censors?"

Thomas's answer to liberal "book burning" is to call for the full representation of *all* points of view, particularly the underrepresented views of the Right, in schools, libraries, and the media. Where some selection and elimination is inevitable, he insists that decisions be made by someone other than a narrow "established elite."

Liberal hypocrisy is of course a rich field, and Thomas effectively turns the tables by accusing the liberals of doing the suppressing. The campaign he proposes—to demand the *inclusion* of the now-ignored books and publications—would have immediate good effect.

All the same, something is missing. Liberals certainly do control the main lines of communication in America, and they have succeeded in segregating most popular culture that isn't mass-produced in Manhattan or Hollywood. In addition, they write the ground rules in a more fundamental way by banning religion from public education and public life generally. This nearly guarantees, among other things, an almost universal theological ignorance.

The real problem won't be solved by even conscientious liberal efforts to stick a few more religious books on their shelves. The New Right has gained its power precisely by building its own independent lines of communication. And we need much, much more of same. Starting with schools. As long as the public schools are effectively owned by liberalism, with religion proscribed, conservatives are going to have to insist on redressing the imbalance by demanding every possible consideration for private schooling. As things stand, the godless schools get the money. It's about that simple. Real conservative power will grow out of a parallel system that is enabled to compete on something like equal economic terms with the liberal system. Our bees need a bigger hive. □

DELECTATIONS

CALIFORNIA OR BUST

NIKA HAZELTON

Without a doubt, the American wine world's most celebrated event—and a principal agent in getting the East Coast acquainted with quality California vintages—is the annual California Vintners Barrel Tasting dinner at the Four Seasons restaurant in New York City.

The winemakers each come to New York with two wines: a barrel sample of the most recent vintage (in this case, 1982) and an older wine of the same type. The wines, which are chosen from throughout California to represent different regions and techniques of winemaking, are grouped by varieties of grape; each varietal is introduced by a moderator and then described by the various vintners who make it. The event is truly a glittering occasion, with thousands vying for the limited seating; for wine writers, traders, and cognoscenti, to have or have not been present determines your status in the wine world. This year, at the eighth Barrel Tasting dinner, there were thirty old and new wines to taste, accompanied by ten courses of food chosen to complement the wines. The wines were not all sensational, but the food, produced by the great chef Seppi Renggli, was. We had, among other dishes, giant Wellfleet scallops stuffed with American caviar and sautéed with their roes, and chunks of duck served in a hollowed-out orange. Apart from the

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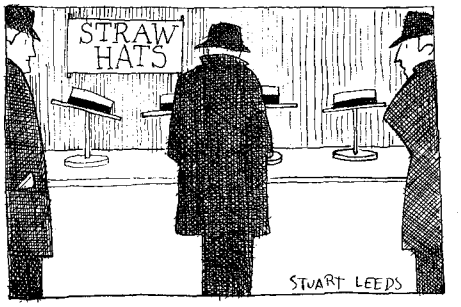
food, there is the Four Seasons' service. What other restaurant could choreograph the serving of some 6,900 glasses of wine and 2,300 plates of food with such elegance?

Another New York wine event this spring was the fourth annual tasting of the Sonoma County Wine Growers Association. The basic reason for this group of 63 members (38 of whom poured their wines here in New York this year) is to secure for the wines of Sonoma County, north of San Francisco, the *cachet* enjoyed by the wines of the neighboring Napa County. Indeed, Sonoma County wines—thanks to new wineries and winemakers, who shook up the California wine establishment with their technical refinements—are very good indeed. I did not taste all of them, but among those I liked were the Chardonnays from Chateau St. Jean, Geyser Park, Gundlach-Bundschu, Simi, Landmark, and Alexander Calley. Some were bigger than others, fruitier or oakier; all were from the Eighties; and all, like the other varietals presented here and at the Barrel Tasting, showed how desperately California is seeking a reputation for classy wines to compete with Europe's finer vintages.

It needs to, for the good California wines are expensive, whatever part of the state they come from, and whether red or white. Owing to the current high value of the dollar in Europe and the abundance of European wines, you can, at least in New York, get excellent French and Italian wines for well under $10 (I am talking of name wines). California wines of comparable quality *start* at about $8. I think, for instance, of a good, big Cabernet Sauvignon—the most famous and successful California red grape, as Chardonnay is the most successful white—from Burgess at $21.95, or an elegant Robert Mondavi 1979 Reserve Pinot Noir, costing $15 at the Robert Mondavi winery in Napa Valley. It appears that people who are willing to spend that much will put their money into a French wine on account of its prestige. I am not saying that the California wines are not worth their price, but they don't seem to be getting it, at least in New York.

The current fashion in California, which I think is connected to the above, plus the irrepressible desire for the new that animates our winemakers, is the experimentation with different styles of winemaking using the same varietal



grape. Imitating European practices, California winemakers now make wines from the grapes of single vineyards specified on the label—the results are often good, although it adds to the confusion of the wine-buyer. They also have discovered that some of their big reds and Chardonnays may win prizes, but are too overpowering to accomplish the primary purpose of wine: to complement food. They have now started modifying some of these wines accordingly, and the Chardonnays I have mentioned go well with food, at least to my taste; cheap they are not.

My advice remains: never buy more than one bottle of a wine you don't know, however highly you may have heard it praised, and whatever the price. And don't fret about the vintage craze: the wine we enjoy every day will not necessarily be a vintage wine from a great year; anyway, most wines today are made to be drunk young—less than seven years old. Time makes wines rare, but it does not necessarily make them good, and rare old wines are best consumed by rare old wine enthusiasts. And who knows how California wines will make out with the years? Most are so new that their aging qualities are largely speculation. □

The GIMLET EYE

COFFIN AND THE AMBASSADOR

D. KEITH MANO

Me and Cora Weiss, we're getting it on real hot tonight. Breath-intimate, thigh pressed to thigh, in the choir loft of Riverside Church. Hey, so what if she looks like a rope-worn tank-town boxer: the nose bent straight down, more stubbed than broken. Doesn't matter, Cora can still rotate my secret crop. Sure, maybe her sense of humor is cauliflowered. Maybe her eyes have this unnerving reptile-woken-in-winter narrowness: as if each lid were a little spite fence. Listen, friend, there is no accounting for true love.

To seduce her, I've put my left-liberal face on: the effort makes me feel like I'm getting a chapped head. We're at this "chat" between the Reverend William Sloane Coffin Jr. and Vladimir Shustov (Russian deputy permanent rep to the UN). They're talking disarmament. The only thing more absurd would be one of those idiotic Zen conversations. You know, where I say, "Nice day, isn't it?" And a week later somebody slaps me across the mouth.

There is a microphone between them hidden in potted ivy: should make Shustov feel at home. He has dressed nattily: maybe he's the deputy permanent rep to Lutèce and Bill Blass as well. Except for his teeth: they're so gapped and fey it might be he came from a unisex dentist. As for Coffin, well, he could make that simple word "earnest" sound like some costive disease. Where he isn't balding, his white-grey hair has been blow-dried by, I guess, the wind of change. And through thick prescriptive glass he resembles a grouper feeding on micro-biota. How did this confab come about? See, credit it or not, Shustov attends Riverside Church. The dep-perm-rep of an atheist, anti-capitalist nation at worship amid Rockefeller Christian ecumenism. Something strange afloat in his borscht, huh? No. What we've got here, I think, is the KGB's highest ranking religious mole.

Coffin will cover for Shustov. (After all he's a parishioner: Shustov might cut his tithe or refuse to help with the next church yard sale.) "I'm not an official, but Vladimir is. His opinions have to be those of the Soviet Union—it wouldn't be fair to ask him to represent any other opinions." And then we get this left-wing dieseling from Coffin. "If the U.S. and the Soviet Union are not one in love at least we're one in sin. If we don't like what they're doing in Afghanistan, we better remember Vietnam. If we don't like what they're doing in Poland, then we better be mindful of the torture we're aiding and abetting in El Salvador. If we don't like the suppression of civil liberties in the Soviet Union, then let us remember that we're aiding and abetting the suppression of those same liberties abroad."

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THE RIGHT BOOKS

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

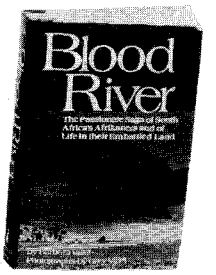
"I WISH IT were possible," Thomas Jefferson wrote in 1798, "to obtain a single amendment to our Constitution. I would be willing to depend on that alone for the reduction of the administration of our government to the genuine principles of its Constitution; I mean an additional article, taking from the Federal Government the power of borrowing." I give you Thomas Jefferson: Father of the Balanced-Budget Amendment.

Jefferson was, indeed, guilty of premature anti-deficitism: between 1795 and 1811 the Federal Government reduced the national debt by almost half —from $83.8 million to $45.2 million. During the War of 1812 the government accumulated once again, in its time of crisis, a debt; and between 1815 and 1836 racked up 18 budget surpluses which reduced that debt from $127 million to $337,000. This, roughly speaking, was the historical pattern from the founding of the Republic until 1960, the Depression years and World War II not excluded: the Federal Government in times of emergency incurred deficits that in times of "normalcy" it liquidated. Only during the past two decades have budget deficits been accepted as the *equivalent* of "normalcy." In *Balanced Budgets, Fiscal Responsibility, and the Constitution* (Cato Institute, 224 Second Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003; $6), Richard E. Wagner and Robert D. Tollison, Alvin Rabushka, and John T. Noonan Jr. discuss the need for a balanced-budget amendment and consider means of its devising and implementation.

Wagner and Tollison argue, in the title essay, that there is a conflict between modern democracy and economic prosperity, which is the result of an "ethos" favoring deficit spending; or, as Rabushka puts it in his article, "A Compelling Case for a Constitutional Amendment to Balance the Budget and Limit Taxes": "There is a structural bias within our political system that causes higher levels of spending, taxing, and deficits than are desired by the people, even though most members of Congress believe that large deficits and excessive government spending damage the economy."

Congress—for a variety of reasons including fear, inertia, created circumstance, and, not least, a powerful disinclination to surrender accumulated prerogatives—is incapable of altering the situation by statute law, and cannot be trusted with the task of drafting a satisfactory amendment on its own. It is, however, rabidly opposed to the alternative method, the calling of a constitutional convention, which strikes a great many congressmen as an impertinent usurpation of the Levers of Good Government by populist Know-Nothings. In "The Balanced Budget—The States Call for a Convention," John T. Noonan Jr. offers a legal-historical case—a model of its kind—for such a convention. "The 31 calls [from 31 state legislatures favoring an amendment] . . . are entirely valid. The convention method of amendment is established by the Constitution itself. It has been approved by our wisest statesmen. The doubts raised against . . . [it] are baseless." And, he might have added, fundamentally dishonest, obstructive, and obfuscatory.

WAGNER AND Tollison sketch the outlines of a balanced-budget amendment. Such an amendment should, they argue, define the federal budget with sufficient care as to apply to all items and transactions that could in future years be a source of budgetary growth. It should also specify, partly for arbitrary reasons and partly as a matter of accounting practice, that the budget be balanced for *every fiscal year*. A capital budget, they believe, would simply allow legislators to make an end-run around the amendment. As for budget surpluses, they should be applied first to reducing the public debt. That accomplished, the remainder should be returned to the citizens in the form of a tax rebate, to squander as they will on baubles abhorrent to the heart of Professor Galbraith. □



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Enough to make you or me retch our pan gravy up: still, nothing unexpected there. The extraordinary fact is this: Shustov didn't demur about Afghanistan or Poland or Gulag. He didn't walk out. He didn't take his Gucci shoe off and beat the ivy to death. He sucked hind tit in silence. And if he did that you know it's because *they* told him to.

"Murderer! Butcher! Free Anatoly Shcharansky!" Two young Jews have started screaming: they are the vestigial piece of our conscience. "Go get them, throw them out," hisses Cora, who is, oh, probably of Irish extraction. The guard standing near her would rather not: "This is a church, Cora. We can't." "They're plants," she will hiss again, she who, in her time, has no doubt planted more than Johnny Appleseed. But by this time Bill Coffin is running down the aisle to mediate. Cora pokes me: something is jotted on her yellow pad. I look and grin, "Damn Coffin thinks he's Dick Cavett," she has written.

No sense detailing their exchange. Be persuaded that this dialogue did about as much for arms control as a manicurist could for the Venus de Milo. Yet, now and again, Coffin would jab. Jab and then politely forget to follow up with his far left hook. "There are those who say we need nuclear counterforce in Europe because of Soviet conventional superiority." To which Shustov replies: "But there is parity between the USSR and NATO." No guffaw of embarrassment from Coffin. Later Shustov will explain that capitalist America has a whole subclass of armament profiteers. There are no such people in Russia. "But," Coffin answers, "the Soviet government does sell weaponry abroad." "Ha," Cora pokes me again, "they're the biggest arms seller in the world." Then to a question about that red-star-crossed Independent Peace Movement in Moscow—and the members of it who are now getting psychiatric therapy for their pacifism—Shustov will get irritable and undiplomatic. "One of these independent peace people I know. He was chasing a girl and used to lie drunk in front of our apartment house—and he just wanted coverage by the foreign press." Under her breath Cora is despondent—"What a tasteless and unsympathetic answer." To which, as lovers will, I nod, nod, nod.

Yet, for all that, the evening is instructive: it discloses a momentous sidestep in Soviet propaganda policy. The Western Left has signaled: We want disarmament (or at least a freeze) so that you can attain nuclear precedence. You, on the other hand, must no longer oblige us to defend Afghanistan, Poland, Gulag: these are distracting rhetorical liabilities. Give us that leeway—let Coffin chide Shustov occasionally—and we'll compare the Lubyanka to Sing Sing. The real danger in nuclear warfare is not world conflagration or jellied children or whatever. The danger is this: that atomic language must, by nature, be hyperbolic. That a perceived need for disarmament vaporizes all close moral or rational distinction by its sheer throw-weight. Afghanistan and El Salvador, affirmative action and Gulag, U.S. and USSR become indistinguishable. And all logic, at ground zero, is atomized. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SPACE, *by James A. Michener (Random House, 622 pp., $17.95).* Compared to most of Michener's later novels, *Space* has a short time span—less than forty years. The story begins with the German rocketeers at Peenemünde in the last months of World War II and winds up in the present. Sandwiched in between is an excellent fictional history of the promising rise and tragic decline of America's adventure into space. By shuffling together real people and events (Wernher von Braun, LBJ) and fictional ones (topped by an imaginary Apollo 18 trip to the far side of the moon), Michener has caught the essence of what motivated and then enfeebled our space program. From the beginning there was a flaw. Jack Kennedy's pledge to put a man on the moon became an end in itself rather than a giant step in a continuing program. Michener illustrates this perfectly in the scene where, as the moon landing is being celebrated in a Cape Canaveral bar, a senator who has helped the space program along declares, "Well, we have certainly shown the Russians. Now we can turn to other things." And we did. As usual, Michener has done his homework, this time with affection and excitement as well—his pro-space enthusiasm is the book's driving force, and he has deftly woven an incredible amount of information into the tale. A lesser author might have been tempted to downgrade characterization and let the grandeur of the theme carry the novel along, but not Michener. His characters (while having ideas) are not just puppets mouthing concepts at each other. They live. This is perhaps because, unlike so many of the trendier novelists, Michener seems to think well of the human race; he opts for decency, competence, and good sense. Because he looks with favor on humanity, it is not surprising that he writes with fervor about humanity's greatest adventure. JACK KIRWAN

BLACK SHEEP, *by Christopher Simon Sykes (Viking, 285 pp., $17.75).* Take a massive fortune, centuries in the making; add the system of primogeniture, which assigned the fortune to the first-born son and frequently left his siblings with nothing to maintain the lifestyle to which they had become accustomed. Add weak character, formed by nannies, horrid boarding schools, and dissolute friends. Toss in a mania for sex, drink, gambling, young boys, or all four. The results are collected in this book, which covers the scandalous doings of English black sheep from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries. The dust-jacket promises "ruined reputations" and "appalling misdeeds," and indeed they are here; but you have to go pretty far to shock and appall readers these days. More often than not, *Black Sheep* amuses and entertains, rather than scandalizes. Even so, Mr. Sykes, whose previous credits include a book on English upper-crust country houses, carries the job off well. The assortment of rakes and rogues he presents is almost entirely without either virtue or shame. There is nothing noble about the nobility described here: mad, drunken lords; scheming womanizers and wild spendthrifts who went through millions of pounds as well as ancestral estates. Mr. Sykes has, so to speak, made the best of a bad lot: he knows that more people thrill to lives of the sinners than to lives of the saints. JOE MYSAK

KIRK

(Continued from page 626)

tion. His especial interest is cosmology, although he is at ease with all the natural sciences, and is also thoroughly acquainted with history and humane letters.

His public lectures are remarkably convincing. His address to the Philadelphia Society in 1981 opened a good many eyes to the connections between scientific beliefs, religion, and our present discontents. Some of his books lie upon my table as I write this: *Science and Creation*; *The Milky Way: An Elusive Road for Science*; *Brain, Mind, and Computers*; *The Origin of Science and the Science of Its Origin*; *And on This Rock: The Witness of One Land and Two Covenants* (this last an unusual little historical and archaeological

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study). For a brief introduction to Jaki's thought, probably the best starting place is his "Religion and Science: The Cosmic Connection" in *Belief, Faith, and Reason* (available from the Philadelphia Society, 139 East Main Street, North Adams, Mich. 49262).

Modern science, Father Jaki points out, arose from the natural theology of medieval Christian learning—a fact that *philosophes* and positivists sedulously ignore. (Voltaire pretended that gunpowder came from China; it would have been humiliating to acknowledge that a friar, Roger Bacon, apparently was the first man to put gunpowder to use, West or East.) But the mechanistic science that triumphed in the nineteenth century endeavored to exclude a Creator from Creation. With great learning, Dr. Jaki shows how scientific advances of recent decades lead us back toward the conviction that indeed Creation occurred; that there has existed an intelligent Creator; that the earth was designed to be man's habitation, rather than man growing mindlessly out of his physical environment—and much more that follows from these premises.

JAKI IS given to quoting a passage from a letter that Einstein wrote to Solovine in 1952, in which Einstein recognizes an order that is not man-made in the cosmos—and reels on the brink of confessing that cosmic order requires a Creator of that order. "And here is the weak point of positivists and professional atheists," Einstein wrote, "who feel happy because they think that they have not only pre-empted the world of the divine, but also of the miraculous. Curiously, we have to be resigned to recognizing the 'miracle' without having any legitimate way of getting any further. I have to add the last point explicitly, lest you think that, weakened by age, I have fallen into the hands of priests."

Indeed he does fall into the hands of a scientist-priest, Stanley Jaki, willy-nilly. As Jaki remarks, Einstein claims here that there is no way of going beyond the cosmos to its Creator; but Jaki points out that this argument of Einstein's is "a rehash of a worn-out philosophical cliché."

In this short article, it is not possible to do justice to the power of Jaki's reasoning or the strength of the evidence that he presents. His theses extend beyond cosmology and astronomy to the animal kingdom—and the human mind. Consider here only his argument in the last chapter of *Cosmos and Creator*, "A Trap or a Home?" Here Jaki cudgels Darwin and the Darwinians mercilessly:

> Darwinism is a creed not only with scientists committed to document the all-purpose role of natural selection. It is a creed with masses of people who have at best a vague notion of the mechanism of evolution as proposed by Darwin, let alone as further complicated by his successors. Clearly, the appeal cannot be that of a scientific truth, but of a philosophical belief which is not difficult to identify. Darwinism is a belief in the meaninglessness of existence.

Anyone favorably impressed by boob-tube cosmology and biology—that is, by Carl Sagan's television series *Cosmos*, with its accompanying book and other spin-offs—will do well to turn to this chapter of *Cosmos and Creator*, and to other passages in Jaki's writings. Sagan is sufficiently representative of the visionary ideologues and popularizers of scientism who ever since the successes of H. G. Wells have been plaguing us with fantastic and fanatic news of extraterrestrial intelligence (that is, other civilizations in other galaxies) —for which there is no evidence whatever.

This earth of ours is not a meaningless trap, but instead a home designed for human beings by their Creator. "One must first say Creator in order to say Cosmos," Dr. Jaki concludes his most recent book. Aye, that Creator created even Carl Sagan—though Lord knows why. □

SIMONDS

(Continued from page 625)

"For the first time in years, I was able to go to church without wondering what I was going to face that day. Would I have to take Communion from a female priest? Would I have to listen to someone tell me what we were doing in El Salvador was wrong, and so forth? The spiritual atmosphere is so relaxed. There isn't even a penitential moment, a confession in the service, we acknowledge our sins, blah, blah. In the Orthodox Church, they presume the sins are there, you must feel sorry or you're a dumb schmuck anyway, so why belabor the issue? It's just worship."

"The emphasis," Laurie explains, more tidily, "is on the Resurrection and not the Crucifixion."

"We were married in the Orthodox Church," says Mano, "and I'm telling you, I really feel married. There's a lot of magic in it, a lot of heavy rhetoric—you don't fool around with those guys with the beards—but, as well, a lot of lightheartedness. I feel a thousand-times better Christian than I was before. I don't worry about my sins anymore. They're there, and I have to deal with them." There are side benefits: "I tease Bill Buckley now. I say, 'I have to look on you as a kind of Methodist.' "

Orthodoxy's appeal for Mano is understandable. The concept that Grace is there, regardless, is central to his novels; is the burden of *Take Five*, the nine-year novel, now out, with its epigraph St. Luke's mention of Simon, the Cyrenian. "The thing that astonishes me and that I enjoy most about God's Grace is its artistic wildness—to take someone like that with no preparation, who probably wasn't a good man, and tether him with a cross, just to see what happens. . . . I think Grace, the lawbreaker, can rape us at any moment quite aside from what we have done in this life. With me it's not the leap of faith, but the fall into the manhole."

After his apprenticeship on the novel-a-year plan, *Take Five*, the tale of a wild man who loses his senses one by one, gave Mano a tough time getting out of the manhole. "I'm very proud of myself for having hung in all those years and finished it. There were times when I could have just given up, times when I couldn't even remember who the characters were. I'd come back after six or eight weeks of writing magazine stuff to buy myself three weeks of fiction, and wonder how the hell I could pick up the emotional thread, never mind the symbolic thread. But I think it's well done. I'm quite pleased."

But still, the craft is a chore: "The writing thing is getting to me. My ear is getting pickier and pickier and pickier, and I just won't put up with things. It now takes me three or four days to do an *NR* column—that's idiotic. It annoys me that I am just turned forty, I have probably twenty productive years left, and I'm getting *slower*. I have ideas for books, but a paragraph is now three or four hours, and next morning I rewrite it." Perhaps a man as merry as Mano, for whom business is good, marriage is good, Sundays are good, needs a cross of sorts. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

W[ILLIAM] M. WOODS:

Out There in Space

Perhaps that star out there in space / Is sun for worlds we cannot see / Peopled by folks like you and me. / And our bright sun, to such a race, / Must seem as small and dim as that— / Just something to point and wonder at. (Actual title: *Relativistic Whimsey.*)

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Did You Hear Dodd?

On The Right

New York, May 2—The response to Mr. Reagan's call to Congress for more aid to El Salvador was given by Senator Christopher Dodd—in the name, it is said, of the Democratic Party. If that is so, then the Democratic Party has become incoherent and illiterate. I'd like to see the FBI's Abscam corps revived, with beautiful maidens strapping little polygraphs on the bare and tingling arms of, oh, Henry Jackson, and Pat Moynihan, and Sam Nunn, to whom it would be whispered, "Tell me, dear, did you go along with what Chris Dodd said about aid to El Salvador?" All the oil in Arabia would not bring such gentlemen as these to associate themselves with the most congested stretch of ignorance and sentimentality ever delivered this side of a junior-high-school oration.

Ask a perfectly simple question: Should the United States, or should it not, help a Latin American country that is seeking to protect a democratically elected government against rebels armed by the Soviet Union and its satellites? No—you don't, really, need any qualifiers. You need only say: Yes, the United States should; or, No, the United States should not.

Senator Dodd attempted to drown out this simple question by historical generalities of breathtaking innocence and irrelevance. Example?

"If Central America were not racked with poverty, there would be no revolution. If Central America were not racked with hunger, there would be no revolution. If Central America were not racked with injustice, there would be no revolution." *Comment:* The most intense combination of poverty, hunger, and injustice in the world today flourishes in China and Russia, where there is no revolution, for a reason as simple as that those in power use that power to see that revolutions do not happen. *Comment:* In nations generally judged to be advanced in respect of Mr. Dodd's criteria, there have been in modern times revolutions, some bloody, some bloodless, but not for that reason less than revolutions. It was a revolution that brought Mussolini to Italy, Hitler to Germany—and, yes, Lenin to Russia; and while we are at it, de Gaulle to France. Revolutions are not necessarily a sign of human desperation. They can be a sign of human vanity, arrogance, contempt. Pol Pot's revolution in Cambodia brought to Cambodians what Castro's revolution in Cuba brought to Cubans. Revolutions as often as not increase, rather than mitigate, human misery. Senator Dodd might read Burke on the French Revolution. (Burke, Edmund, 1729-1797. Brit. statesman.)

"We must make violent revolution preventable by making peaceful revolution possible." That sentence, which students of rhetoric would classify as left-over Sorensen, is empty of thought. How do we go about, in El Salvador, making "peaceful revolution possible" other than by backing those forces that waged a peaceful revolution by calling elections, and proceeding on a social program? A social program interrupted, however, by a violent revolution which could not care less that it had been preceded by a peaceful revolution, any more than, say, Chinese Maoists care that a peaceful revolution has transformed Formosa into a land of relative plenty and freedom. In Greece, during the Forties, what was it that permitted a gradual, peaceful revolution—except American support to help the Greeks suppress the violent revolution? Which is what Mr. Reagan asks that, now, we do in El Salvador.

So WHAT does the alleged spokesman for American Democrats counsel? Brace yourself: that we not proceed in Central America with the same ignorance we showed of what was going on, in 1963, in Indochina. This only weeks after the news became official that General Giap of North Vietnam as early as 1959 contrived the fiction that the disturbances in South Vietnam were a "civil war," when all the time—as is now happening in El Salvador—the rebels were in fact surrogates for Communist malefactors. It would be interesting to come up with one general assumption about Indochina made by President Kennedy in 1963 that in fact proved to be wrong. The worst that he imagined might happen, did happen.

And what else? Oh, Senator Dodd says we should "negotiate" with the rebels, that they have said they are absolutely delighted at the thought of negotiating with us, which gladdens Honduras, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Cuba, Abbott, and Costello.

It would be admirable if Senator Dodd were to volunteer to head up that negotiating team. I propose that President Reagan send him to Managua, and that Senator Dodd there repeat his speech, including those lovely aphorisms about the thirst for justice and plenty, and freedom and democracy, and good will and peace. I want that speech delivered to the Sandinistas, and then in Havana, and then in Libya, and then in Moscow, recorded on CBS, and broadcast everywhere. And when the rebels in El Salvador lay down their arms, and in Nicaragua the courts and the press are given back their freedom, and when the lilies break up through the cement of the military landing fields in Cuba, then I say: It's time for a Nobel Peace Prize for Christopher Dodd. Meanwhile, I would suppose that seasoned Democrats will politely change the subject when his name comes up. □

WHAT HAPPENED?

New York, April 29—The afternoon of the vote in the Senate on the banking act I found myself at a reception talking with a professor of political science. "Gee," I said, "that vote in the Senate was amazing, wasn't it?" The professor said he had had no word on how it had gone. "Well," I said, "it was 91 to 5." "Oh sure," the professor said. "I knew the bankers couldn't win."

If I could have changed the subject I'd have done so. "No no. It was 91 to 5 on the side of the bankers," I blurted out. The professor looked as though all the work done against the bankers from Andrew Jackson to William Jennings Bryan to Carter Glass to Franklin Delano Roosevelt had just come crashing down. It was indeed a quite extraordinary performance for the Senate, and worth examining for its own sake.

What was the reaction of the measure's principal sponsor, Senator Dole? On television he said: This isn't a show of "people power," this is "a show of muscle." What exactly did he mean by that? If Senator Dole meant that the banks of America control 91 per cent of all senators, he was making a claim *Pravda* would be a little reluctant to make. A claim, moreover, that is highly unflattering to his colleagues. If it is charged that 91 per cent of all senators can be turned around on a single issue because the bankers so desire it—or for that matter because any single economic institution desires it—then the Senate has received the most insulting corporate slight since,

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back in 1954, Senator Joe McCarthy said of his colleagues that they were handmaidens of the Communist Party.

Even as the political-science professor, whose professional business it is to understand American politics, was caught way off base, so was the political establishment. When last, that you can remember, have you seen a bill enacted by Congress eight months before, championed by the President of the United States, by the Republican majority leader of the Senate, by the Democratic majority leader of the House, and by the *New York Times*, voted down 91 to 5? What makes the vote especially interesting is that a case can be made for requiring banks to withhold 10 per cent on interest and dividends, even as a case can be made against it.

Clearly the senators felt something very much like absolutely unmistakable pressure. In 1979 Senator Goldwater, whose candor has always been one of his principal attractions, gave an interview in which he was asked why he had voted against the Panama Canal Treaty given that he had made several speeches in favor of it. He replied that he had received seven thousand letters against the treaty and one letter in favor of it and that he had decided under the circumstances to transcribe his constituents' will. But why were the American people so very much exercised about this measure?

It will not do to contend simply that the vote was a direct response to pressure by banks that wanted to avoid the overhead of deducting 10 per cent. Exhortations from the banks to their depositors certainly brought forth hot mail. But surely not more than, for instance, was directed by incensed constituents against the Panama Canal Treaty? Or in favor of capital punishment. Or against high taxation. Or against inflationary spending. Or in favor of school prayer. On an intensity factor of one (the least) to ten (the most), I'd have thought an act requiring that the same kind of thing that is routinely done to wages be done to dividends and interest would rate an opposition fever of about, well—three.

Could it be that, in fact, there is unusual cheating? If 91 per cent of depositors are cheating the IRS by not paying taxes on interest and dividends, they might be expected ardently to enjoin their representatives to rescind a measure that would interrupt their profitable habit. But does even that explanation make sense? The big depositors presumably don't cheat for the most obvious reasons, namely that the IRS tends to home in on big money, and the end of the line for the cheater is the hoosegow. At the other end, the very small depositors (who reap less than $150) were exempted. So that we are talking about Mr. & Mrs. In-Between. Are they cheating that systematically?

Or was it that a large number of Americans chose this issue on which to fight against the intrusion of federal fingers into every pie?

One should rule out the notion that it was the power of the banks that did it. It may have been the power of the banks that caused the movement to take wing. But it was people, not banks, that caused that crazy vote. And Senator Dole is going to have to give considerable thought to the question of how to distinguish people power from muscle power. □

A SOLOMONIC AMENDMENT

New York, May 9 —Effective as of the First of July, something called the Solomon amendment goes into effect. It is an attempt by Congress to cope with those young men who have refused to abide by a law passed by another Congress—requiring draft registration; the idea being that in the event of a national emergency, the government should know who and where are the people who will be called upon to defend the country, even as their fathers answered muster in the Forties, and as their fathers in turn did during the First World War.

We are all familiar with the response to the draft-registration legislation of 1980. About 94 per cent of the 18-year-olds clocked in. Six per cent did not, and that is defiance of the law on a very large scale. The question arose, What to do about such large-scale defiance of the law in a society that believes in a) the rule of law; and b) the proposition that no man is above the law?

Congressman Gerald Solomon of New York attached an amendment to a defense bill specifying that students who have not registered will not qualify for any federal loans. Fifty American colleges (out of five thousand) have announced that in one way or another they intend to frustrate the law, most conspicuous among them the University of Minnesota and Yale. Minnesota got from a lower court a temporary restraining order on bizarre grounds, namely that the Solomon amendment violates the students' Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination, and is otherwise discriminatory against poorer students, who apply for federal assistance, while wealthier students don't.

That argument is about as compelling as a complaint filed by rich students that they are being discriminated against by having to pay taxes while poor students don't need to. As for self-incrimination, that is done by the young man who fails to register. His failure to do so is not only an act of self-incrimination, but an ostentatious act of self-incrimination.

Yale's defiance takes a more Florentine form. It will go ahead and accept federal money, but for those students who forfeit it by virtue of their contumacy, arrangements will be made to come up with the missing money by getting it from local banks. It is the position of Yale's president, Mr. Giamatti, that the students will be punished by having to pay the difference between the federal-grant rate of interest and the commercial rate, or about 2 to 3 per cent.

Now here exactly is the stipulated procedure under the Solomon amendment: As always, a student applying for federal aid will need to fill out, and swear to, a form that consists primarily of a questionnaire. To the questions already asked will be added one that asks in effect: "Have you registered for the draft, under law such-and-such?" If one student says that he has not done so, then the money that goes from Washington to that college will be reduced by the amount that would go to one student.

Now among the complaints most often heard by men who fancy themselves civil libertarians is that the college is being dragooned into acting as a surrogate of sorts for the government. That's true; it is. And it's true that in an ideal world the division between government and educational institutions would be as impenetrable as the Berlin Wall. But it is also true that this has not been the case for years and years, and that the colleges are for the most part delighted, because it means: Money.

WHEN LAST did we hear an objection from civil libertarians to the conscription not merely of colleges, but of all American enterprises, to do the government's work? How? Why, by deducting for Social Security. And, then, by withholding taxes. The University of Minnesota and Yale do both these things. Moreover, they need to fill out any number of government forms to establish that they have complied with this or that title of this or that civil-rights law; that they are engaged in affirmative action —the whole bit.

And the student who fills out the form asking for federal assistance has to answer, at this writing, no fewer than 27 different questions. And some at the risk of perjury if he gives wrong answers. For instance, he is required to give the income of his parents. If he should consciously underestimate that income for the sake of qualifying for a grant, he is subject to a perjury rap. The proposition that it is okay to ask a student how much money mom and dad make, but not okay to ask whether the student has complied with a basic law, suggests a difficulty in arranging orderly priorities.

Those colleges that volunteered to step in and take the money, so to speak, out of their own pockets, have every right to do so. And, of course, alumni have every right to conclude that their alma maters have deeper pockets than their indigent annual solicitations would suggest. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Samson's weapon (Judges 15) — 199 72 50 4 107 147 162

B. The shortest of the prophetic books — 217 6 91 198 51 99 161

C. Maiden name of the inheritor of Shakespeare's "second-best bed" — 2 21 96 154 54 67 118 92

D. DROWN THIN (anagram) — 25 196 57 93 98 212 146 103 69

E. Jenny Lind's sobriquet (fol. the) (2 words) — 32 15 24 28 34 44 53 60 86 110 / 122 171 125 136 142 149 174 184

F. Part of the day + part of the year = part of the day — 58 143 185 76 114 191 19 64 126

G. Explicating — 74 27 52 123 22 177 186 8 35 135 / 79 148

H. A household task — 80 5 97 111 131 187 201 205 16 82

I. The Apostle of the Indians — 3 221 12 56 77 / 11

J. Moral virtue — 116 81 204 87 152 180 202 23 127

K. The Egyptian equivalent of Hermes — 121 215 104 153 181

L. Iowans — 134 37 178 119 130 216 176 156

M. An Old Testament book — 139 38 129 195 200 208 213 26 14 17 / 29 49

N. What attorneys can find in thousands of volumes (to be read through rimless spectacles by the little man who wasn't there) (2 words) — 193 73 33 168 207 214 1 10 30 101 / 78 105

O. What if the temperature does go down to zero? That's nothing. — 13 63 155 20 36 40

P. To bury — 179 106 157 218 55 170

Q. A fundamental of the faith for Christians is belief in (fol. the) (2 words) — 166 39 194 61 109 128 210 132 197 43 / 18

R. To fix unalterably — 211 159 45 219 9 65 59 169 183

S. Provided with certain bones — 47 165 70 115 175 83

T. An old or clumsy boat — 84 188 66 85

U. Observant (archaic) — 89 160 182 117 108 209

V. A pharos — 100 42 75 88 137 94 192 163 173 189

W. A platform for musicians — 140 46 150 31 203 112 95 164 90

X. A type of scale insect, *Lepidosaphes ulmi* (2 words) — 172 41 120 133 68 206 124 138 141 220

Y. Frequently — 190 62 48 158 144 / 7

Z. What his schoolmates might have called Napoleon's top general — 102 113 151 145 167 71

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 642 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

■	1 N	2 C	3 I	■	4 A	5 H	6 B	7 X	8 G	■	9 R	10 N	11 H	12 I	13 O	14 M	■	15 E	16 H
17 M	18 Q	■	19 F	■	20 O	21 C	22 G	23 J	24 E	25 D	■	26 M	27 G	28 E	■	29 M	30 N	31 W	32 E
■	33 N	34 E	35 G	36 O	■	37 L	■	38 M	39 Q	40 O	41 X	■	42 V	43 Q	■	44 E	45 R	46 W	47 S
48 Y	49 M	■	50 A	51 B	52 G	53 E	■	54 C	■	55 P	56 I	57 D	58 F	59 R	60 E	61 Q	■	62 Y	63 O
64 F	65 R	66 T	67 C	68 X	69 D	■	70 S	71 Z	■	72 A	■	73 N	74 G	75 V	76 F	77 I	■	78 N	79 G
80 H	■	81 J	82 H	83 S	84 T	■	85 T	86 E	87 J	88 V	■	89 U	■	90 W	91 B	92 C	■	93 D	94 V
95 W	96 C	■	97 H	98 D	99 B	100V	101N	■	102Z	103D	104K	105N	■	106P	107A	■	108U	109Q	110E
111H	112W	■	113Z	114F	■	115S	116J	117U	118C	119L	120X	■	121K	122E	123G	■	124X	125E	126F
127J	128Q	129M	130L	■	131H	132Q	133X	134L	■	135G	136E	■	137V	138X	139M	■	140W	141X	142E
143F	144Y	145Z	146D	147A	148G	■	149E	150W	151Z	■	152J	153K	■	154C	155O	156L	157P	158Y	159R
■	160U	161B	162A	■	163V	164W	165S	166Q	167Z	168N	169R	170P	■	171E	172X	■	173V	174E	175S
176L	177G	■	178L	179P	180J	181K	■	182U	183R	184E	■	185F	186G	187H	188T	189V	■	190Y	191F
■	192V	193N	194Q	■	195M	196D	197Q	198B	■	199A	200M	201H	202J	203W	■	204J	205H	206X	207N
208M	209U	■	210Q	211R	■	212D	213M	214N	215K	■	216L	217B	218P	■	219R	220X	221I	■	■

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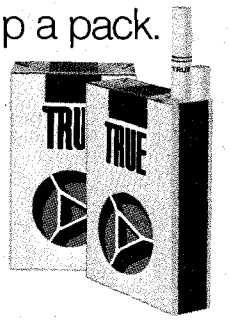

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